

JUNE 17, 1968

40 CENTS

The Ordeal of Ethel Kennedy The Last Happy Days at Hickory Hill

NEW YORK





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LETTERS

Welcome Back, Trib!

Editor:

As an ex-Trib reporter, may I say how touched I was by Tom Meehan's piece? *Seymour Krim*

Malted Rhapsody

Editor:

I'm convinced that Ralph Schoenstein is living the secret life of a chocolate malt. [May 20]. Since he is obviously suffering from a nostalgia thirst for a fading malted utopia I'm wondering whether he is overweight or overwrought at this point.

Anyone that could sound off so completely and be so frank about such a wonderful part of childhood, cherish it, and remember it and write about it during the time of his adult life should keep looking for this great treat.

I for one don't think the empire fell. He seems to be holding up a great portion of it. Even though it's liquid, I hope he won't let it slip through his fingers. The flavor marches on with those of us in our quest for the "perfect chocolate malt."

Margaret Pellettien

Editor:

Having just read Ralph Schoenstein's "The Decline and Fall of the Chocolate Malt" [May 20] I find it my duty to let you know that the tradition of the great chocolate malt is being carried on in a very unlikely location—the ice cream bar on the seventh floor of New York's Bonwit Teller. Though there is no malt in the drink (therefore it's really a frosted), the overall quality is magnificent. The secret of a good malt is a great tasting, well-textured ice cream, a rich and delicious chocolate syrup, and the proper amount of milk. The Bonwit bar lives up to these standards. And for 45 cents, you get the whole tumbler full.

Margo J. Handschu
The Bronx

Editor:

From one chocolate malt fiend to another, Mr. Schoenstein should try the candy store on the northwest corner of 41st Street and Seventh Avenue in New York City. Not bad.

Happy hunting.

Morris Weisberg
Brooklyn

Editor:

There is a small candy store on the southeast side of 14th Street just a few doors east of Third Avenue. The best time to go there is in the evening when Izzy the proprietor serves you a two and a half glass malted. It's a much better drink than the abomina-

tion that has come to New York from west of the Mississippi, the thick ooze that you have to dilute with a side order of milk.

To a better malted in the future.

Peter W. Morrow
New York

Editor:

If you think things are tough in New York, try out of town, where a malted is a rarity. You can get a shake, but it will give you the shakes.

Roy Miller
New York

Editor:

Inside Grand Central Station on the Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street side of the information booth, there's a long hot dog stand near a gourmet grocery and a Hoffritz. They have excellent malteds—if Mr. Schoenstein can bear to taste another one.

Marilyn H. Rubin
New York

Editor:

Try Leo's at 86th Street and Lexington Avenue.

Wally Jordan
New York

Help!

Editor:

A complaint about "How to Complain" [May 20]. There is no mention of where to complain about filthy streets and piles of garbage in mid-block and at most street intersections, particularly on weekends, when taking a walk on the upper East Side of Manhattan, can be a traumatic experience. Not just litter. Garbage. Not just East Harlem. So-called "good" streets, in the 70's, 80's, and 90's.

Take a look for yourselves.

Elizabeth Straus

The numbers are: 566-5656; 566-5391; 566-5469. Take your pick.—Ed.

Editors:

For the record: "How To Complain" was put together with the invaluable help of Mrs. Marian Hepp of the New York County District Attorney's office.

David L. Goodrich

Popping Off

Editor:

In Richard Goldstein's recent article, "Separating Artistic From Art" [May 20], it seems to me that he has finally proven the long standing hypothesis that popular music has outgrown his somewhat dubious critical abilities.

His article, which begins with a dose of his usual condescension, goes on to inform

us that something which he calls "art-rock" is "this month's successor to the psychedelic razzmatazz". It is lamentable that Mr. Goldstein must think of music in terms of fads. Nonetheless, in the mistaken belief that he knows better than anyone else what pop music is all about, he proceeds to make several misleading and irresponsible pejorative judgments on several albums, the most serious of which concerns The National Gallery and their musical interpretations of the paintings of Paul Klee.

Mr. Goldstein seems to be mainly writing about the influence of serious European "classical" styles and techniques on some of the pop groups as if it were something particularly new which it is not. Through a uniquely personal and fuzzy line of reasoning Mr. Goldstein has assumed that a group which adopts some of these techniques is trying to do "art rock." I am sorry to have to point out to Mr. Goldstein that the use of an orchestra or an oboe does not make art and, in fact, he is confusing art and artifice. It seems to me that the pop format has been an opportunity for "folk art" (whatever that is) for years. The possibilities of pop as an avenue for "serious" artists has been evident for some time and obvious ever since the Beatles' *Revolver*. It is unfortunate that Mr. Goldstein has confused the propensity to be eclectic with the determination to create "seriously" in the pop vein.

This effort by Mr. Goldstein has served as the final limp straw in convincing me of his destiny as a critical teeny bopper. All though he has succeeded in gaining the attention of the listening public, to gain its respect he must at least try to keep up with the medium which he is writing about to say nothing about subjecting himself to a more apparent critical discipline. He seems to have so far to go, however, that it might be a bit much to expect, in the near future at least, any meaningful degree of musical perspective on his part.

H. Michael Krawitz
East Norwich, L.I.

Blanchine Berated

Editor:

Most people think, perhaps, that journalism "reveals" something, puts them on an inside track. Actually its prime, and rather squalid function, is to maintain some odd status quo as established by ante or prior opinion. Like gossip columns, it's always the same old people who move over only to make room for someone exactly like the same old people who only moved over . . . Sometimes I feel that

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A Teenager at Gracie Mansion
By *Eugenia Sheppard*

Margie Lindsay is a pretty 15-year-old girl with hopes for a modeling career, and some success already in that field. She also happens to live at Gracie Mansion. Maybe one day she'll be married there.

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Dialogue with a Neighborhood
By *Dorothy Kalins Wise*

Architect, planner, teacher, urbanist and humanist—all the words fit Roger Katan, who has taken up residence in Italian East Harlem where he is mapping out a design for living.

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Ethel Kennedy and the Arithmetic of Life and Death By *Gail Sheehy*

Ethel Kennedy has brought life into the world ten times and has watched lives go out violently eight times from close range. Gail Sheehy, who was on the Senator's last campaign trip, writes of Mrs. Kennedy's ordeal from closeup.

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The Last Happy Days at Hickory Hill
Photographed by *Burt Glinn* / Text by *Peter Maas*

The last happy weekend at the Kennedy home outside Washington was filled with children and dogs and the inevitable game of touch football. Photographer Burt Glinn was there.

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Pat McCormick Has an Almost Childlike Lack of Inhibition
By *Janet Coleman*

Is six-foot-seven Pat, gagwriter turned comic, flipping out? Or does he always act that way? It's hard to tell, but then maybe it doesn't really matter.

THE LIVELY ARTS

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The Muscatel for the Chablis
By *Judith Crist*

It has been another week when cinematic promise has been unfulfilled. Oh well, maybe next time . . .

Cover: Ethel and Robert Kennedy reflected in the rear view mirror of their car in a campaign motorcade shortly before the assassination. Photographed by Burt Glinn.



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Merce Cunningham Here and There
By *Marcia B. Siegel*

The great modern-dance pioneer has just completed a short season at Brooklyn Academy, here assessed.

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The Long Square Summer
By *Alan Rich*

Music Festivals are getting more and more like the summer reruns on TV, with some exceptions.

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Bones Without Marrow
By *Harold Clurman*

In attempting to deal with emptiness, too many of our playwrights have instead merely produced it.

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The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., Henry Waugh, Prop., by Robert Coover, reviewed by Heywood Hale Broun, with an evaluation of its author, and of the book's place among novels with a sports theme, by Dick Schaap.

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New York Magazine Puzzle, by Stephen Sondheim

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'In Next Week's Issue:
The Gnome of Zurich Discusses Gold with 'Adam Smith'

(continued from page 2)

The Muckrakers was the last example of revelatory writing.

Suddenly, then, comes a fine piece by Douglas Turnbaugh in *New York 20* May describing in adroit and delicate tones—soft as a miniature painted on ivory—the tyranny of Balanchine and his ballet over the entire power structure of the American dance world, and the dreadful tragedy that Juilliard's Dance Department will exist no longer when it moves to Lincoln Center.

Not only did I hold a scholarship at the Juilliard Graduate School in the dim, misty days when it had no dance school at all, but I have watched the monotonization of faces at the Lincoln Center complex. Like pieces of veal drained of juice and goodness, a kind of colorlessness has come over the performances there—so genteel, so moneyed, so successful, so obedient to all the safe formulae. Balanchine, to my mind, and despite all his great contribution to American dance of the past, is the perfect monochrome whose day is gone and whose growth was stunted before most of us were born. It really is time to move over for something else, and that something else is excellently exemplified by the timid, tentative, struggling, sometime superb, occasionally simply dreadful, Juilliard Dance Department. Giving the soon-to-come dance studios to the school of the American Ballet (another way of saying "taking them away from the students of the Juilliard") is like awarding the Silver Star to an officer while the valor of the engagement has been entirely in the hands of the enlisted men. General Balanchine may glitter in his five-star wreath, but there does come a time, at least in art, where promotions begin to stifle the echelons.

Fauston Bowers

Editor:

May I congratulate Douglas Turnbaugh on his excellent piece about the Juilliard and Lincoln Center [May 20]. It seems your magazine is the only voice left to native Americans in this country. The monopolistic takeover of Balanchine's group is reaching such dimensions and has taken a hold at such levels as to be terrifying. If they can get ahold of the National Advisory Counsel for the Arts and Humanities, which they have been trying consistently to do and which they might possibly succeed in doing with a change in presidency, we are done for—that is, everybody is done for, who is not in the Balanchine camp.

Agnes de Mille

Japanese Noodles

Editor:

This is in answer to your request to readers ("Underground Gourmet," May 20) who have eaten Japanese cold noodles . . . you called them "Zaru," but my dentist and hairdresser, both of whom are Japanese, call them "Udon" and in Japan I had them as "Soba." The choice of a name is yours.

By any name they were amazingly delicious—one of the few Japanese specialties I really like. They are, first of all, buckwheat noodles and more like thin spaghetti (vermicelli) than flat, rolled and cut noodles. They are a beautiful tan wheat color. In Japan they were served over crushed ice, all arranged in an oblong black lacquer tray, sort of like a shallow box. Chopped scallions, both the green and white portions, were sprinkled on top. Soy sauce is served with them as a dip. It is somewhat like a cold noodle salad and is very good up at Aki's, which you probably know about.

Mimi Sheraton
Manhattan

Old Morality

Editor:

Why do publications call a lack of sex restraint the "New Morality"? There is nothing new about it, and it has always been with us, particularly with the uncivilized.

Women who do not respect themselves can be swept overboard when they learn that men no longer respect them either.

Mrs. C. H. Didriksen

Viva Viorst

Editor:

May I suggest a proposal, whose results would be to our mutual benefit?

You continue publishing one of Judith Viorst's delicious poems in every future issue forever . . . and I will continue reading *New York* forever.

Lin Carter

Queens

Not Only Pot

Editor:

"Old at 15: The Story of a Junkie" [May 13] is the only kind of warning I have seen that is capable of actually discouraging potential addicts. I, too, am fifteen years old, but in my neighborhood (Forest Hills) the most publicized drug in wide circulation is acid (LSD). One is able to purchase it with as little effort as Johnny had in securing heroin.

I can only say that seeing many of my friends curl up and die mentally or be psychologically crippled for life is a pitiful, pitiful sight and perhaps if more accounts such as Johnny's were recorded; not only heroin but acid, pills and even marijuana, there would be less of this drug mania that for years has contaminated the slums of this city and now has moved up to the "good areas" such as mine, where an estimation of forty per cent potheads would be an understatement. When students are able to get away with smoking grass in the school restrooms, something must be happening to the oblivious middle class.

You have done a marvelous job investigating slum drug addicts, and that I say honestly. But hurry up and get to us "rich" kids . . . before the acid does.

Elizabeth Jaffe
Forest Hills

NEW YORK

Magazine

VOL. 1 NO. 11

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UNDERGROUND GOURMET

BY MILTON GLASER AND JEROME SNYDER



The Authors must confess to a weakness for restaurants that have been able to withstand the inroads of physical change. There is, after all, a clear and easy distinction to be made between restaurants trying through style and decor to evoke memories of a past era and those establishments which naturally come by their ambient nostalgia.

Unmistakably in the treasured latter category is Joe's Seafood Restaurant, 474 Columbus Ave., near 83rd St. (TR-4-8527). Joe's has been operating at this same station for the past 42 years and is a remarkable example of virtually undisturbed continuity of decor, food preparation and family management.

Perhaps only the descriptive "Sea Food" is obsolete and misleading, since fish dishes now constitute only a small part of the menu. Joe's is the type of dinerish restaurant that flourished in greater numbers throughout New York some 30 years ago. Generally such a restaurant had a good-sized counter and roomy booths; the service was quick, portions ample and the atmosphere neighborly. Through some personal dynamic, Joe's has retained all those endearing qualities, while most of its counterparts have either vanished or changed beyond recognition.

Once inside Joe's, you've taken a pleasant step backward in time. The cooking is straightforward and in the American style.

The Entree menu has wide variety (43 items), and by current standards the number of dishes in the \$1 to \$1.40 category is extraordinary. A sampling of the dollar dishes includes baked pork sausages with mashed potatoes, stuffed macaroni, potted meat balls, potato pancakes with bacon and spaghetti (an unprecedented combination and certainly a caloric spectacular). For a nickel more, you can get a breaded pork chop with spaghetti. Stews in restaurants of this sort are solid fare and benefit from long cooking. The beef stew (\$1.25), as well as the lamb, are fresh and excellent. The portions in both cases are massive. The baked spring lamb shank with rice and peas (\$1.35) is one of those dishes that enjoys the expertise of the Greek chefs. The lamb dishes, in general, are well understood.

Other selections from the entree list are beef liver sauté (\$1.35), roast loin of pork (\$1.40), roast sirloin of beef—served with an extra small boat of its own juices—(\$1.40), roast stuffed chicken with applesauce (\$1.40). In an inexpensive restaurant, it is a pleasant surprise to have the waitress ask (as she did) whether you prefer white or dark meat. The most expensive meat entree is the broiled club steak at \$2.45.

Sea Food dishes included on the bill of fare are broiled halibut, broiled swordfish, fried Long Island scallops (\$1.40) each. The fried seafood combination is \$1.50.

All main dishes come with two vegetables selected from an extensive list.

The waitress will tell you with unashamed frankness which vegetables are fresh as opposed to canned or frozen. On the particular night we were at Joe's, the selection included 13 varieties, among which the escarole, turnips, carrots and squash were fresh. The escarole and turnips were superb.

Among the desserts are a few standouts: notably, fresh fruit salad (35 cents) and bread, rice or tapioca puddings (30 cents each). A large brown cup of home made yellow egg custard recalls childhood memories and costs 30 cents. Coffee is good and still a dime.

The food at Joe's is unpretentious and satisfying. The decor of the large room with its signs, menu and wood-and-red-leatherette booths contributes to the authenticity of the environment. The service at our booth was exceptionally smooth, relaxed and pleasant, without the customary shouting of orders from the counter.

Joe's may not be worth a special trek, but if you are up on or near the Upper West Side and looking for a casual inexpensive and filling meal, Joe's fits the bill.

This One



EB60-0Y9-JYFE

IN AND AROUND TOWN

(Listings subject to change)

Theatre

OPENING

MONDAY, JUNE 17

The Cocktail Party—APA-Phoenix production of T. S. Eliot's play, with Brian Bedford, Frances Sternhagen and Ralph Williams. Lyceum, 149 W 45 (Ju 2-3667).

CURRENT

APA-Phoenix Repertory Company—6/14, 15 Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagloze*. 6/17, 16 T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*. 6/20 George Kelly's *The Show-Off*. Lyceum, 149 W 45 (Ju 2-3677). **Cabaret**—Ambitious musical based on Isherwood's *Berlin Stories* but lacking the bite of the original. With Lotta Lenny, Jack Gifford, Jill Hawthorn and Bert Convy. Imperial, 249 W 45 (Co 5-2412).

Cactus Flower—Betsy Palmer is a prim dentist's nurse who turns sexy to snare her woman-chasing boss (Lloyd Bridges). Full of artificial complications and Abe Burrows wisecracks. It's on twofers now. Rivaire, 242 E 45 (Cl 5-6760).

Fiddler on the Roof—Still going strong and liable to break all records. Harry Goz and Maria Karnilova star in a musical based on the funny and useful Yiddish tales of Sholem Aleichem. Majestic, 245 W 44.

George M!—The story of Mr. Cohan's Yankee Doodle life, written by Michael Stewart and Fran and John Pascal; the music is all Cohan's. Cast: Joel Grey, Jerry Dodge, Betty Ann Grove, Bernadette Peters, Jill O'Hara, Jamie Donnelly, Jacqueline Allaway and Harvey Evans. Palace, B'way at 47 (Pl 7-2626).

Golden Rainbow—Musical with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. The critics liked Steve and Eydie, but weren't crazy about the play. The audiences, however, are continuing to flock and perhaps that's what counts. Shubert, 225 W 44 (Cl 6-5990).

Hair—American tribal love-rock musical, delightful, funny, fresh, provocative, inventive, different, new, sprightly, young, and most of all, defiant. Biltmore, 261 W 47 (Ju 2-5340).

Hello, Dolly!—In its fifth year, the musical gets a gigantic boost from its present Black Power cast—Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway excelling and breathing new life into the old lines and measures. St. James, 246 W 44 (695-5656).

How Now, Dow Jones—The DJ average starts down, the music starts up, and Anthony Roberts, Brenda Vaccaro and Marilyn Mason spring into action. They do right by this piece of Wall Street trivia. Lunt-Fontaine, 205 W 46 (Ju 6-5555).

I Do! I Do!—Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae now constitute the entire cast of the musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt based on Jan de Hartog's play *The Fourposter*, history of a marriage. 46th St. Theater West (246-4271).

Joe Egg—Compassionate vaudeville of despair with Zena Walker a magnificent mother and wife and Donald Donnelly as the father trying to buck and wind his way around the reality of a spastic child (on twofers). Brooks Atkinson, 258 W 47 (245-3420).

My Fair Lady—Janis Paige is America's favorite den auntie; her cohorts are Audrey Christie, Helen Gallagher, Ed Herlihy, Randy Phillips and David Manning. Winter Garden, B'way and 50th (245-4678).

Man of La Mancha—Musical by Dale Wasserman in which the protagonist, Cervantes, doubles as his own creation. Don Quixote. David Atkinson is the current Don. Martin Beck, 302 E 45 (Cl 6-6363). **My Fair Lady**—New York City Center Light Opera Company's spring production of the Lerner and Loewe musical, with Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson and George Rose, thru 6/30. City Center, 55th Street 7th and 8th (Cl 6-6969).

New Faces of '68—They're Suzanne Astor, Gloria Bleazer, Michael Allen, Rod Barry, Trudy Carson, Marilyn Chien, Dottie Frank, Elaine Gifos, Madeline Kahn, Robert Klein, Joe Kyle, Robert Lone, Brandon Maggart, George Ormiston, Rod Perry. Booth, 222 W 45 (Cl 6-5969).

Plaza Suite—Mike Nichols and Neil Simon with their latest winner, a trio of skits starring Nicol Williamson and Maureen Stapleton doing fine, just fine. Plymouth, 236 W 45 (Cl 6-9156).

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Brian Murray and John Wood star in Tom Stoppard's ingenious footnote to *Hamlet*. Listen closely to avoid missing the rapid-fire quips. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49 (Cl 6-6670).

The Happy Time—Robert Goulet and David Wayne add a great deal to this plodding musical about "you



Miss Crystal objects to judge's decision in a scene from "The Queen," opening 6/17.

can't go home again" told in flashbacks and flash-forths. Broadway Theater, at 53rd (Cl 7-7992).

The Price—Arthur Miller's latest with Pat Hingle, Kate Reid, Arthur Kennedy and Harold Gray, all as good as you can get. Morosco, (Cl 6-6230).

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—In Muriel Spark's story of a rather sinister teacher adored and imitated by her fascinated pupils. Zoe Caldwell coos serpentine charm. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46 (Cl 6-6360).

There's a Girl in My Soup—English comedy about an older man and a younger girl, with plenty of leers. With Laurence Hugo, Amanda Reiss, William Larsen and Rita Gem. Music Box, 239 W 45 (Cl 6-4636).

The Venetian Twins—Theatre of Genoa tours in Carlo Goldoni's commedia d'arte farce. Alberto Lionello plays the twins (thru Sun. matinee, 6/23). Henry Miller, 124 W 43 (Br 9-3970).

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Robert Anderson's gaggle of lightheartedly kidding skits based on the world's oldest bait: Sex.

Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver and Linda Selman do the fussing. Ambassador, 215 W 49 (Co 5-1655).

OFF AND OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Eugene O'Neill's last complete drama with Salome Jens, the tortured Ryan and W.B. Brydon. Story follows the tortured older brother of "Long Day's Journey" on an acting tour of New England where he has an encounter with a warmhearted farm girl. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker (473-6776).

Collusion Course—Twelve very modern playlets, the shortest six minutes, the longest twenty, with Susan Brownings, Leora Dana, Scott Glenn, Sam Groom, Meg Myles, Tom Rosati and Tom Scott. Actors Playhouse, 100 7th St. (Or 5-1036).

Curley McDimples—Bryn Johnson interprets Shirley Temple to the hilt in a swipe at Hollywood moppet movies of depression days; with Butterfly McQueen, a welcome addition to the cast. Bert Wheeler, 250 W 43 (524-2323).

Daddy Goodness—Negro Ensemble Company presents a play by Richard Wright and Louis Sapin (to 7/7) St. Mark's Playhouse, 132 2nd (473-5222). **Futz**—A play by Rochelle Owens about a man who makes love to pigs, and we don't mean "maybe". Martinique, 32nd & B'way (Pe 6-3056).

Henry IV—New York Shakespeare Festival's season of free Shakespeare in the Park opens, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacey Keach, Charlotte Rse, Penny Fuller, Barry Primus, Sharon Laughlin and Stephen Elliott. Delacorte, 81st entrance, CPW.

Jacques Breil Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Real cabaret theatre. Breil's songs are incredibly emotional and the cast understands exactly what he's writing about—and sings the music with heart and soul. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St (962-6020).

Jell Game—Barbara Barrett's drama with overtones of comedy, featuring Vincent McNally and Paul Kaufman. Thru to Sun. Royal, 219 2nd (6-5847).

King Lear—Roundabout Repertory Company presents the Shakespearean tragedy with Sterling Jensen, Elizabeth Owens and Robb McIntire. 307 W 26 (Wa 4-7161).

La Dame Duende—Calderon's 17th century play (Phantom Lady) with a cast of Spaniards Cubans and Puerto Ricans in a company called Las Artes Greenwich News Theatre, 141 W 13 (243-6800).

Long Island Festival Repertory: 6/11 thru 23. Racine's *Phaedra*, Robert Lowell adaptation. The company—Barbara Bel Geddes, Arthur Hill, Kim Hunter, Beatrice Straight. Mincola Playhouse (516-741-3353 and 212-291-5551).

Now—Musical about the best generation with a pop-rock score by George Haimsohn and John Aman with Sue Lowthers and Ted Pugh. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce (Yu 9-2020).

Playbox Studio—Three one-act plays, "Puppy Love" by Peter Copani; "The Star Is Always Loved and Loved" by Peter Copani; and "Tinkle Tinkle" by Thomas Terfenko. 94 St. Marks Pl. bet. 1st and Ave A (477-0386).

Provincetown Playhouse—Sam Shepard's "Red Cross" and John Gure's "Muzeks." 133 MacDougal (Gr 7-4410).

Requiem—Moliere's comedy, "The Imaginary Invalid," lampooning hypochondriacs, doctors, fortune-hunters and university graduates who have failed to benefit from academic exposure. Mermaid, 420 W 42 (524-4976).

Scuba Dubs—Hilarious piece by Bruce Jay Friedmen with devastating darts at all we hold dear. Sometimes too much. New Theater, 154 E 54 (Pl 2-0440).

The Believers—The Black experience in Song, written and performed by Voices Inc. Benjamin Carter, Dorothy Dinroo, Jesse Devore, Barry Hemp-

hill, Jo Jackson, Sylvia Jackson. Magnificent voices and a beautiful production. Garrick. 152 Bleecker.

The Boys in the Band—Mart Crowley's tale of a birthday party attended by eight homosexuals and one heterosexual. Theatre Four. 424 W 55 (248-8545).

The Concept—The story of one person's drug addiction and how he overcame it through his experiences at Daytop Village. Cast are all ex-addicts. Sheridan Sq. 89 7th Ave S (Ch 2-3432).

The Fantasticks—Whimsical musical with a fine score, based on the Edmund Rostand play; now in its eighth year and no end in sight. Sullivan Street Playhouse, at Bleecker (Dr 4-3838).

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Israel Horowitz' two frightening stories offer a powerful display of his eerie talents. Astor. 434 Lafayette St (873-6190).

The Memorandum—Czech playwright Václav

A Long Day's Dying—David Hemmings, Tom Bell. British soldiers behind enemy lines develop ambivalent feelings about a captured German—Paris. 58th W of 5th (Mu 8-2013).

Bele de Jour—Louis Bunuel's film with Catherine Deneuve as a young married woman with erotic adventures, perhaps imagined, possibly real. Little Carnegie, 57th and 7th (Cl 8-5123).

Bonnie and Clyde—Landmark American movie, directed by Arthur Penn and acted to the hilt by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the amoral witless killers of depression days. 68th St Playhouse at 3rd. Boom—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Tennessee Williams' story about one of the world's richest women, who sponsors a poet bearing within him the stigma of Death! Sutton 57th at 3rd (Pl 9-1411) and Trans-Lux W. B'way and 40th (Co 5-1355).

simians. OK sci-fi with a moral from writer Rod Serling. Guild. 33 W. 50th (PL 7-2408).

Prudence and the Pill—Fertility rites, with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Robert Coote, Irina Demick, Joyce Redman, Judy Geeson, Keith Mitchell, Edith Evans. Victoria. B'way at 46 (Ju 8-0540) and Murray Hill 3rd at 34th (Mu 5-7652).

Rosemary's Baby—Mia Farrow. Faithful interpretation of the book and quite terrifying right up to the hideous last moment. It's too long and definitely not for pregnant women. Take someone along to cling to or clutch at during the witchcraft scenes. Criterion, Bdway at 45th (Ju 2-1798) and Tower East. 72nd and 3rd (Tr 4-3133).

Secret Scroll—Japanese swasthuckler with Toshirō Mifune. 55th St Playhouse, at 7th (Ju 8-4590).

Survival 1967—Documentary on the Arab-Israeli



Martin Ross as the Master of Ceremonies and company in "Willkommen," a high spot from "Cabaret," at the Imperial Theatre.

Havel's satire on what happens in an office when a synthetic language with hundreds and hundreds of letters is introduced for all communication. With Paul Stevens, John Heffernan, William Kiell and Fred Burrell. To June 18. Joseph Papp's Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (877-6350).

Tom Paine—Drama by Paul Foster starring Kevin O'Connor. Stage 73, 321 E 73 (Bu 8-2500).

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—Musical entertainment based on the cartoon "Peanuts." Theater 80 St. Marks (254-7400).

Your Own Thing—Bright and inventive rock version of Twelfth Night with music by Hal Hester and Danny Appolinar. Orpheum, 126 2nd (Yu 2-6410).

(See under "Dance" for Clark Center's June Festival)

Movies

OPENING

MONDAY, JUNE 17

The Queen—True-life filming of the transvestite "Miss All-American" contest of 1967. Kips Bay Theaters, 2nd and 31st (L 2-8688).

FIRST RUN

Accattone—Franco Citti as a man of the slums of Rome who is the sorry product of his environment. 5th Ave. Cinema, near 12th (Wa 4-8393).

A Flat in His Pocket—Bellocchio's first film, about a large inbred family, full of incest, epilepsy, murder. Carnegie Hall, 7th & 57th (Pl 7-2131).

Camelot—Vanessa Redgrave is a ravishing Guinevere in an extravagant version of the Lerner-Loewe musical. The rest is a bore and a tangle of smothering trappings. Warner. B'way and 47th (Co 5-5711).

Come Back Baby—"Story of today's alienated youth," shot entirely in Pittsburgh's slums. New Cinema Playhouse, 120 W 42 (564-3818).

Devil's Brigade—William Holden in a WW II thing. Astor. B'way at 45 (Ju 8-2240) and 86th St. E at 3rd (249-1144) and 34th St. near 2nd (Mu 3-0255).

Dr. Dolittle—Rex Harrison talks to animals. Deposit the kids and go home. Loew's State. B'way at 45th (Ju 2-5070).

Elvire Madigan—Incredibly beautiful camera work in old-fashioned story. A couple chases butterflies, lives on illicit love and starves to death. (Swedish) Cinema II, 3rd at 60th (Pl 3-0774).

Hebner and Signe—Exquisitely made film set in medieval Scandinavia focusing on the love of two adolescents. Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Bjornstrand. Rialto II, 42nd St W of B'way (Lo 5-9795).

Happy End—Czech murder-mystery-comedy full of all kinds of Czechoslovakian surprises. Festival, 57th at 5th (Lt 1-2323).

Mingus—Intimate Cinema Verite version of the person of jazz composer-bass fiddle artist Charlie Mingus. New Cinema Playhouse, 120 W 42 (564-3818).

Petulia—Discovering their spouses lack spice, Julie Christie and George C. Scott carry on and on. Shreds of a subplot are torn from her mind and fragmented on the screen. Richard Chamberlain scores as Julie's sadistic spoiled husband. Plaza, 58th E of Madison. 57th at 6th (Pl 3-0774).

War. Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W 57 (Ju 8-4448).

The Detective—Frank Sinatra is the new Pat O'Brien in this lively epic, crammed with homosexuals, heterosexuals, bisexuals, nymphomaniacs, crookedness in high places, sadism, mutilation, electrocution and the naughtiest language. Car 54, Where Are You? Forum, Bdway & 47th (Pl 7-8320) and Orpheum, 86th & 3rd (At 9-4607).

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—Remarkable and forceful Czech film about the Nazi horror in 1940 Prague. Baronet, 59th and 3rd (El 5-1693).

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is great as he reluctantly faces life, is seduced by Anne Bancroft (nice work if you can get it) and runs off with her daughter, Katherine Ross, whereupon the comedy turns a corner and becomes less than perfect. Coronet, 3rd and 59th (El 5-1663) and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th (Ju 2-2333).

The Odd Couple—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau co-star in comedy of two men, disenchanted with their spouses, who take up housekeeping. Radio City Music Hall, 6th at 50th (Pl 7-3100).

The Producers—Zero Mostel and Dick Shawn in a mean Mel Brooks script about two guys producing a Broadway dud called "Springtime for Hitler." Fine Arts, 58th near Lex (Pl 5-8030).

Therese and Isabelle—Very boring Lesbian stuff with Essy Persson and Anna Gae. Trans-Lux, 85th & Madison (Bu 8-3181) and Rialto, 42nd & B'way (Lo 5-9795).

The Swimmer—Burt Lancaster is a man who has lost his identity and seeks desperately to find it, via the swimming pools of an affluent Connecticut county. The mood is strange and the apprehension

contagious. Cinema I, 3rd at 60th (PI 3-6022).

The Two of Us—Anti-Semitic French farmer shields a Jewish nine-year-old from the Nazis. Humorous, tender and touching, with luminous performances by Michel Simon and the young Alain Cohen. (French) Beekman, 85th and 2nd (RE 7-2622).

2001 A Space Odyssey—Zillion-dollar science fiction film—thrilling, beautiful, puzzling, imaginative but over-long and over-noisy. Capitol, Broadway and 51st (Ju 2-5060).

War and Peace—Russian 6½-hour fantastic macro-spectacular 2-part version of Tolstoy's work, with Vyacheslav Tikhonov, Ludmila Savelyeva and Boris Zhavna (among millions). You can see part I and II on same day, if you have stamina, or on different days. DeMille, 47th and 7th (Co 5-8430).

What's So Bad About Feeling Good—Comedy with Mary Tyler Moore, George Peppard, Trans-Lux E, 3rd and 57th (PI 9-2263).

Wild in the Streets—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters and Diane Varsi in what is really meant by a black comedy. 72nd St. Playhouse, betw. 1st and 2nd (Bu 8-9304) and New Embassy, 46th St (PI 7-2408).

CURRENT

I'll Never Forget What's 'a Name—8th St. Playhouse, W of 6th (Gr 7-7874).

Murder a la Mod—Gate, 162 2nd Ave (982-3255), with **The Secret Cinema**. (Fri, Sat. & Sun. 5 to midnight).

No More Excuses—Bleecker St. Cinema, at La Guardia Pl (Or 4-3210).

No Way To Treat a Lady (6/19-7/22)—Sheridan, 7th & 12th (Wa 9-2166), and 83rd St. Theatre at Bkway (Tr 7-3190).

Smashing Times (to 6/18)—Charles, 12th & Ave B (Gr 5-4210), with **The Stranger**.

Sol Madrid (to 6/18)—Sheridan, 7th & 12th (Wa 9-2166), and 83rd St. Theatre at Bkway (Tr 7-3190), with **Speedway**.

Speedway—Sheridan, 7th & 12th (Wa 9-2166), and 83rd St. Theatre at Bkway (Tr 7-3190), with **Sol Madrid**.

The Bank Dick—Cinema Village, 12th W of 5th (924-3383), with **You Can't Cheat an Honest Man**.

The Fox—Art, 8th E of 5th (Gr 3-7014) and Midtown, Bkway & 93th (Ac 2-1200).

The Secret Cinema—Gate, 162 2nd Ave (982-3255) with **Murder a la Mod**. (Fri, Sat. & Sun. 5 to midnight).

The Stranger (to 6/18)—Charles, 12th & Ave B (Gr 5-4210), with **Smashing Times**.

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man—Cinema Village.



Jane Stuart in the new Miss Hamilton in "Curly McDimple," musical spoof of the '30s.



Joseph Fuchs is guest performer Sunday, June 16, at the Pierre's matinee concert.

12th W of 5th (924-3363), with **The Bank Dick**. **Yours, Mine and Ours** (to 6/16)—Kips Bay, 2nd and 31st (Le 2-6668).

REVIVALS

Rivoli, B'way at 49th (Cl 7-1633). *Gone with the Wind*—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland and Leslie Howard fight the Civil War and each other all over again. Good as it ever was—even better.

Thalia, 95th & Bkway (Ac 2-3370). 6/14 *Things to Come* and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*. 6/15 *Sons and Lovers* and *Look Back in Anger*. 6/16 *Sundays and Cybele* and *Viridiana*. 6/17 *This Sporting Life* and *Billy Liar*. 6/18 *That Man From Rio* and *Tunes of Glory*. 6/19 *Purple Noon* and *Mondo Cane*. 6/20 *Don Quixote* and *The Caines Are Flying*. **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W 53rd (245-3200). 2 and 5:30 each day save Sat, when it's 3 and 5:30 p.m. 6/14 *The Spitting Image*. 6/15 (11:30 a.m.) *Nanook of the North* (5:30 p.m.) *The Gangsteriel*. 6/16 *The Reality of Karel Appel*.

Music

Concerts

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

Philharmonic Promenade Concert, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Andre Kostelanetz; soloist: Amalia Rodriguez, mezzo-soprano. "International Promenade": Berlioz: "Roman Carnival" Overture; Walton: "Facade"; Japanese Traditional: "Etenraku"; Rossini: "William Tell" Overture; Portuguese Fados and Traditional Folk Songs. (Repeated Saturday night.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

Philharmonic Promenade Concert, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Repeating Friday's program. **Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass**, Madison Square Garden, 8:30. **Roth Quartet**, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, 2:30 (free). Last of six programs present-

ing ill 16 Beethoven quartets.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

Joseph Fuchs, violinist, Hotel Pierre, 3. **Caramore Festival**, Katonah, N. Y., 6. The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Julius Rudel, in an all-Russian program. Prokofiev: "Lieutenant Kije" Suite, Rimsky-Korsakov: Suite from "Le Coq d'Or"; Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 in B minor. **Metropolitan Grand Orthodox Choir**, Town Hall, 5:30. Conductor: Dino Anagnost.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

Philharmonic Promenade Concert, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Kostelanetz; soloists to be announced. "Grand Promenade": Rossini-Britten: "Solre Musicale"; Wagner: "Meistersinger" Overture; "Tristan and Isolde" Finale; "Ride of the Valkyries" from Bach's B minor Mass. (Wednesday, too.) **Alexander Schneider Chamber Ensemble**, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 8:30. Participants: Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violinists; Samuel Rhodes, violist; Leslie Parnes, cellist; Julius Levine, bassist; Harold Wright, clarinetist; Myron Bloom, French hornist; Eli Carmen, bassoonist; Haydn: Quartet in E flat, Opus 20 No. 1; Mozart: Clarinet Quintet in A, K. 581; Schubert: Octet in F, Opus 166.

Jazz Concert, Caravan House (132 East 68th Street), 8:30 (free). Jim Hahn, oboe; Gerry Thomas, trumpet and flugelhorn; Peter Labarbera, vibes; Anthony Veez, bass; Alvin Queen, drums.

New York Choral Society Summer Sing, Judson Hall, 7:30. Conductor: Charles Doddley Walker. Bach: "Saint Matthew Passion."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

Philharmonic Promenade, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Same as last night. **Cessoff Chorus Summer Sing**, Community Church of New York, 7:30. Conductor: Alexander Schneider. **Goldman Band**, Prospect Park, 8:30 (free). Conductor: Richard Franko Goldman.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Philharmonic Promenade Concert. Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Kotelianetz; soloist: Mary Costa, soprano. "American Promenade"; Toch: "Circus Overture"; Schuman: "New England Triptych"; Bernstein: Overture and Jewel Song from "Candide"; Taylor: "The White Night"; Moore: Willow Song from "Baby Doe"; Menotti: aria from "The Telephone"; Creston-Cowell-Hovhanness: "Images in Flight." (Repeated Friday and Saturday nights.)
Goldman Band, Central Park Mall, 8:30 (free).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA IN CITY PARKS

Friday at Bronx Botanical Gardens at 8:30: "Carmen" with Elias, Fenn, Morell, and Merrill; conductor: Lombard.
Tuesday at Sheep Meadow, Central Park, at 8: "Carmen" with same cast.
Wednesday at Clove Lake Park, Staten Island at 8:30: "Faust," with Tucci, Baldwin, Alexander, Bottcher and Diaz; conductor: Adler.
Thursday: Rain date for Tuesday or Wednesday program if necessary.

OTHER EVENTS

An Evening of Contemporary Opera. Clark Center Y.W.C.A., Sunday at 5:30. Performers include Patricia Neway, soprano, in excerpts from "Natalia Petrovna," "The Crucible," "Peer Gynt" and "Regina." **Amato Opera Theatre,** 319 Bowers. Friday and Saturday at 8:15. "Il Trovatore."

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET NEW YORK STATE THEATRE

Friday at 8:15: Concerto Barocco; Illuminations; Meditation; Raymonda Variations.
Saturday at 2:15: Dim Lustré; Concerto Barocco. Stravinsky Symphony; Stars and Stripes.
Saturday at 8:15: Glinkiana; Haydn Concerto; Meditations; Raymonda Variations.
Sunday at 1:15: Jewels.
Sunday at 7:15: Divertimento No. 15; Allegro Brillante; Meditation; Irish Fantasy.



Marcia Baldwin appears in Gounod's "Faust" at Central Park free concert opera.

"FEROCIOUSLY INTIMATE"

—Newsweek

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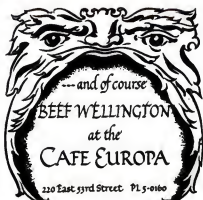
From bitchy to bedazzling, nobody tells it like this gifted artist of total exposure. His portrayals of some of the most famous — if not always lovable — entertainment personalities have made him "the hottest byline around." In this collection of his most brilliant pieces from the *New York Times*, *Esquire*, *Cosmopolitan*, and elsewhere, he lets you peer behind the public masks of Mike Nichols, Barbra Streisand, Marianne Moore, Bill Cosby, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Paul Belmondo, Lotte Lenya, Peter Fonda, Governor Lester Maddox and 25 others. "Reed has rewritten the rules of interviewing... readers eat up his ferociously intimate, detailed dissections." —*Newsweek*

... and from some of the subjects themselves:
Sandy Dennis: "I'd like to write about him!"
Bette Davis: "He's much more interesting than the people he writes about."
Melina Mercouri: "I love him veddy much. He make me suffer."
Tallulah Bankhead: "Divine, dahling!"
Ava Gardner: "œ£##*@!"&!..#œ!"

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STARS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Friday at 8:30: Chopiniano; Preludes and Fugues; Highlights (Pas de Deux from La Corsaire; Flames of Paris).

Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30: Giselle Act II; Preludes and Fugues; Ballet School.

OTHER EVENTS

Magic Mime Theatre of America, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, Thursday at 6:30 (repeated Friday and Saturday) (free).

Clark Center June Festival, Clark Center Y.W.C.A., Friday at 8:30: Female (Paul Curtis Dance Theatre); Tangents (Rod Rodgers Dance Theatre); Eve d'Au-tomme (Jennifer Muller); Untitled Work (Etsuko Takehara); Dust (Jennifer Muller, Avner Vered); Naws . . . Recall (Rod Rodgers). Saturday at 8:30: M.A. Thesis works of Kathleen Joyce and others; Saturday at 8:30: Dance and the Film, with solos of Daniel Nagrin in their filmed and theatre versions.

Leonard Fowler Dance Group, Central Park Mall, Saturday at 2:30 (free).



Scene from *Belshazzor's Feast* with Lou Castel and Marino Mase. Now showing at the Carnegie Hall Cinema.

N.Y.U. Summer Dance Festival, School of Education Auditorium (35 West Fourth Street), Friday at 8:30: Members of the New York Chamber Dance Group, directed by Richard Bull; Saturday at 2:30: M.A. Thesis works of Kathleen Joyce and others; Saturday at 8:30: Dance and the Film, with solos of Daniel Nagrin in their filmed and theatre versions.

Leonard Fowler Dance Group, Central Park Mall, Saturday at 2:30 (free).

After Dark

The African Room—158 W 44th. Jungle-Calypto revue nightly (Ju 8-7575).

Alli Baba—368 8th Ave. Entertainment and instructions by the belly dancers (Lo 5-9878).

Apollon—253 W 125. Greatest of the children's circuit, the only place in town for music of contemporary and classic greats in rhythm and blues—the real Negro soul music (Ri 9-1800).

Anderson Theatre—2nd and Sixth. Major rock concerts.

The Apartment—2nd Ave and 56th. Charles De-Forest, piano, songs and the Marian McPartland trio (Pi 3-7923).

Apollon—154 E 54. Discotheque elegant (Mu 8-4420).

Azi—13 E 12th. Opera a la carte—everybody sing! (Ch 2-9868).

Aux Puces—70 E 55th. Discotheque (Mu 8-2808).

Barney Google's—225 E 86th. Jean and Jeannie rock-combo (Sa 2-9663).

Bill's Gay Nineties—57 E 54th. Nostalgia nights (El 6-2243).

Bitter End—147 Bleecker St. Folk and variety acts (Gr 6-7804).

Cafe Au Go Go—152 Bleecker St. (777-1919).

Cafe Sahbra—253 W 72nd. Revues with an Israeli flavor (Tr 3-1278).

Cattlemen—5 E 45th. A sing-along winding (Mo 1-1200).

Channel One—62 E 4th. Kenneth Shapiro's closed-circuit satirical (sometimes) skits (874-1010).

Chansonette—890 2nd Ave. Rita Dimitri's songs continentale (Pi 2-7320).

Chardas—307 E 79th. Budapest with some peprika and spirits (Rh 4-9382).

Cheetah—Eight at 62nd. Where the action is, at its nice new home (582-2970).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. Chicks, chicks, mora chicks. (Pi 8-1080).

Club 82—82 E 4th. Lavish costumed revue with scads of female impersonators (477-0820).

Country Cousin—75th and 3rd. Guitarist-singer Len Novy (879-6614).

Darvish—23 W 8. First Persian nightclub in the New World. Authentic oriental music and belly dancers natch (533-4640).

Directorio—160 E 48. Drop in from 10 p.m. until dawn. Drammy and divine (758-9570).

DMZ Cabaret—Broadway at 111th. Social satire by two Columbia University professors (749-0200).

Downstairs at the Uptown—37 W 58th. Joan Rivers with the humor and John Gabriel with the music (Ju 2-1244).

Electric Circus—23 St. Marks Pl. Migraine and music mix madly (777-4466).

El Morocco—307 E 54th. Where zebras can be crossed with grasshoppers (Pi 2-2980).

Empire Room—Park at 49th. (El 5-3000).

Eugene's—1034 2nd. Political cabaret run by backers of Sen. McCarthy. No admission, just contribute five bucks to the campaign chest.

Fillmore East, 2nd and Sixth. Bill Graham's brought his West Coast hard rock sound east.

Gaigh—12 E 68th. Sol Yaged and his jazz quartet in their third year and for a change of pace the Tom Furtado Trio (Pi 2-2500).

Generation—54 W 8. To 6/26 Georgia Fame and Beacon Street Union (533-8500).

Gipsy—40 E 58th. Oriental discotheque. Gals in capes shawl and shimmy (Ha 1-4320).

Goldie's—244 E 53rd. Goldie at piano; others join in (Pi 9-7245).

Grenadier—863 First Ave. Lynn Richards at the piano (753-2960).

Harlow's—242 E 79th. Nostalgia trappings and mod yappings (Tr 9-7760).

Hawaii Kai—1638 Broadway. "Hawaiian Hula-Day," a new tropical revue, mit hula and nary a covar nor minimum (Pi 7-0900).

Hilly's—65 W 9. A smart crew works up clever improvisations on suggestions flung from the audience (473-4411).

Jilly's—256 W 62nd. "In" spot for hip people. Joe Petrone and Bobby Cole Trios (581-5584).

Key Club—For Singles 20 plus with bacallareasts plus parties. Fri.-Sat. 44 W 12 (Be 3-5910).

La Maisonette—5th and 55th (Pi 3-4500).



U.S. Coast Guard training ship visiting South St. Seaport June 15, 16, 21, 22, 23.

Latin Quarter—200 W 48th. Girls, girls, girls and Miss Brenda Lea. (Ci 6-1736).

Liborio—150 W 47th. Latino revue (Ju 2-6188).

Intimate—Hotel Gotham. Dark and active and intimate (Ci 7-7200).

Living Room—915 2nd Ave. (El 5-2262). Singer Adam Wada and comedian Zack Norman. To 6/24.

Manhattan Bar—8th and 45th. Singer-pianist Darwin is a newcomer.

Marmalade Room—55th and 7th. The Peppi Moreale Trio dishes up bouncy cha chas and rhumbas (Ci-7-1850).

Matropole—725 7th. Rock-combos and girls dancing on the bar while the slobs outside slobber through the doorway (Ci 5-0088).

Michael Mann's—1101 Second Ave. Singer-pianist Danny Ruffin entertains (758-2411).

Persian Room—Plaza Hotel. Eartha Kitt holds forth (Pi 9-3000).

Piano Bar—Hotel Manhattan, W 45th at 8th. Singer-pianist Mary-Ann present nightly (Ju 2-0300).

Playboy Club—6 E 59th. Revue, acts, bunnies in five rooms (Pi 2-3100).

Plaza 9—5th Ave. at 59th. Variety on the sophisticated side with Julius Monk's de ja vu revue "Four in Hand" (Pi 9-3933).

Port Said 257 W 29th. More of the belly dancers. Oriental, Turkish, and Arabian styles (Ch 4-9322).

Purple Onion—136 W 3. Live wall-to-wall fun (473-5300).

Rainbow Grill—30 Rockefeller Plaza. Music, soft lights high up over the city and the great Duke Ellington thru 6/29 (Pl 7-8970).

Red Onion—1566 2nd. Swingin' banjo parlor (Rh 4-9682).

Riverboat—5th at 34th. Big bands wail and Lionel Hampton entertains (759-2444).

Roseland—52nd off B'way. Two bands for tireless dancers (CI 7-0200).

Roma di Notte—1528 2nd. Italian recording star Sal Rainone sings nightly, accompanied by the Trio Trastevere strolling troubadours (Re 4-3443).

Rough Rider Room—Madison at 45th. Singer-pianist Jack Betner entertains (866-9200).

Royal Box—Hotel Americana. Dining, Supper Dancing and the Fifth Dimension (267-1000).

Semmy's Bowery Follies—267 Bowery. Continuous Gay Ninety revue (Or 4-6678).

Shapheerd's—440 Park. Beautiful atmosphere if you like Egypt. Kai Winding Quartet plays for dancing. (We 1-0900).

Slugs—242 E. 3rd. Jazz cabaret. (677-9727). Thru 6/16. Bobby Hutchinson Quintet with Harold Lamb. 6/16-23 Pharaoh Sanders Quintet.

Space—Bdwy & 49th. Name talent on the week-

Ungeno's—210 W 70th. Discotheque and chaos, unlimited! (874-3582).

Upstairs at the Downstairs—37 W 56th. "Photo Finish" satirical revue with Warren Burton, Jarry Clerk, Jeanette Landis, Steve Nelson, Lily Tomlin and Victoria Wyndham (Ju 2-1244).

Village Gate—Bleecker and Thompson (Gr 5-5120). 6/17, Duke Ellington does a benefit for Dayto Village, therapeutic community devoted primarily to the rehabilitation of ex-drug addicts.

Village Vanguard—7th Ave So. nr. 11th (Al 5-4037).

Wheels—1591 2nd (TR 9-3777). Interesting Detroit-decorated discotheque with a multifarious crowd.

Yale Tavern—300 E. 60th. Peisley walls, dancing, young crowd (752-0960).

Children

American Museum of Natural History, C.P.W. at 79th (Tr 3-1300, ext. 311). Informative exhibits. A Natural Science Center teaches kids the natural environment of NYC through observation of live small animals—fish, frogs, field mice. Educational films Sat., 2 p.m. Mon-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5.

Animal Nursery, 1317 Surf Ave Bklyn (373-2324).



Linda Selman (with Larry Blyden) is an addition to "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running."

Over 500 baby animals to feed and pet. See baby chicks hatching in plastic domed incubator. Open daily, weekends 10 a.m.-9 p.m. 75c. Groups. 50c. **Barrett Park Zoo**, Broadway and Clove. Excellent snake house. Staten Island.

Bronx Zoo, Bronx Park. 180th and Boston Rd. (Wa 3-1500). Mammals, birds and reptiles. Weekdays, 10-5. Sunday, 10-5:30. Tues-Thurs. 25c.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (St 3-6700). Special events Sat. at 2:30 p.m.

Cattleman Restaurant, 5 E 45th (Mo 1-1200). Free stagecoach rides round the city every Sat. and Sun. from 6-8:30 p.m., leaving from the restaurant. **Central Park Children's Zoo**, Fifth Ave. and 66th. (Re 4-1000). Children can play with the animals daily 10-5. Adm. 10c.

Children's Farm, 111th and 56th Ave. in Queens. Cows, chickens and pigs galore for city kids. Free. **E. 74th St. Theatre**, 334 E. 74th St. (1-2283). "Pinocchio" at 1:15; "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard" at 2:45 every Saturday.

Electric Circus Children's Theatre, "The Illustrated Elephant." Psychedelic zoo, and the kids join in. St. Mark's Place, between Second and Third Aves. (777-4466). Sun. at 2 and 4 p.m. Adm. \$2.50

Fire Museum, 104 Duane St (Rh 4-1000). A bonanza for fire buffs. Three floors of gleaming equipment. La Guardia (who else?) started it in 1934. **Golf Clinica**, For children 10 to 17, in all boroughs. Free. Call 755-4100 for times and places.

Hall of Science of the City of New York, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park. Tues.-Sat. 10-6 p.m. Sun. 1-5 p.m. Spooky "Rendezvous in Space" shown hourly, also picture about nuclear power in New York for budding Von Braun.

Hayden Planetarium, C.P.W. at 61 (Tr 3-1300).



Brenda Vaccaro of "How Now, Dow Jones," with Anna Pagan. Musical is 200 days old.

ends and 3 rock groups daily. New and big (765-1430).

Tavern on the Green—Central Pk W at 67th. Two dance groups for the marathoners (Tr 3-3200).

Tin Lizzy—140 W 51. Cluster round the piano and sing with Wally Jones (Ju 2-3535).

Top of the Gate—160 Bleecker. Monty Alexander Trio and Toshiko (Yu 2-9292).

Trude Heller—418 6th. Hysteria (Al 4-8348).

The Scene—301 W 46th. Subterranean boite with happenings (Ju 2-5760).

The Two Guitars—244 E 14. Cosack dancing, Russian and gypsy folksinging, balalaikas strumming and sword dancing (AL 4-3636).

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Shows for star-gazers. "On the Wings of Icarus." **Moody Dool Museum**—201 E 10 (677-6216). Puppet show with audience participation. Sun, 2 p.m. **Muse**—1530 Bedford Ave at Lincoln Pl. Bklyn. New headquarters of the Brooklyn Children's Museum, containing live animals, biological exhibits, a planetarium, facilities for art, music, dance, drama and creative writing classes (774-2900).

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103 (Le 4-1672). Special exhibits for children. Puppet show, Sat. at 1:30 p.m. "Please Touch" exhibition, Sat. at 2:40 p.m.

New York Aquarium, W 8th and Surf, Coney Island, Brooklyn. Walrus and peninsins and fish. **Paper Bag Players**, Henry St. Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (Or 4-1414). "Gulfstream," Sat. 3 p.m. Children 20c, adults 60c.

Peggy Bridgman Marlonette, 346 E 69 St. (Ac 2-3831). Sat. Sun. 2 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk," and Leroy the Magician in "Where's the Bunny?" Donation \$1.

Prospect Park Zoo, Flatbush Ave and Empire Blvd, Brooklyn. Seals and lions and elephants, a mother-eaten hyena, and loads of bears, all colors.

Pixie Judy Troupe, Judson Hall, 165 W 5th (Ju 2-4090). Sat. & Sun. 1:30 and 3:30. "The Littlest Clown." The star is selected from the audience at each performance. Special rates for groups.

Royal Playhouse: "Little Red Riding Hood," Sat. Sun. 1 p.m. "Hansel and Gretel," Sat. Sun. 2:30 p.m. 219 2nd Ave. (Gr 5-8647).

St. Mark's in the-Boulevard, 2nd Ave. and 10th, (Yu 2-7380). Turnabouts, an audience participation show for children. Sun. for ages 3-6 at 2 p.m.; for ages 6-10 at 3:30 p.m. Admission: a donation.

Staten Island Museum, 75 Stuyvesant Place, (Sa 7-1135). Tues. through Sat. 10:55 Sun. 2-5. Natural History, Indian relics, a philatelic club and nature walks to the nearby Wildlife Refuge, a good follow-up to that ride on the Staten Island ferry.

Stillwalk: Central Park Mall, Sat. 6/15, 11 to 3. For adults and children; bring your own stolls. (734-1041). **Storytelling**, at the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park. Saturdays at 11 a.m.

Sports

Baseball: 6/14n, 15, 16th San Francisco at New York Mets, Shea Stadium. 6/18n, 6/19n, 20 Houston at New York Mets, Shea Stadium.

Irish Football and Hurling: Gaelic Park, 240th St. B'way (Ki 6-9588). Every Sunday at 2.

Harnass Racing: At Roosevelt, Westbury, L.I. nightly except Sunday. Post time 8 p.m.

Flat Racing: Belmont Park, Elmont, L.I. (641-4700). Thoroughbred racing every day except Sunday. First race is 1:30. 6/15 The Bowling Green, \$50,000 added. 6/19 The National Stakes, \$20,000 added. **Soccer**: Yankee Stadium, 6/16 Cleveland at N.Y. Generals. 6/19 San Diego at N.Y. Generals.

Miscellaneous

Adventure on a Shoestring (Co 5-2663). Inexpensive, offbeat events such as tour backstage of Met, trips to Penn, Dutch folk, visits with flying saucer experts, etc.

Afloat—Boat trips from W. 43 around Manhattan, daily. Ferry Service to and from the Statue of Liberty Park for school. (563-3200).

Allied Chemical Tower, 42nd St. at Times Square. Displays in three floors, given to be on the moon, space-age technology, modern chemistry and fashion world. Films, animated models, personality tests, fashion shows. Exhibit tours Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission free.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Seasonal exhibits in the conservatories and an exsulta Japanese garden. Mon.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. and Hols. 12-4 p.m. Admission 10c on Sat. Stalk., and Hols. To the Ryoanji Stone Garden, adm. 25c (weather permitting).

Chuck's Composite—303 E 53 (E 5-8825). Live jazz during lunch every Friday, provided by visitors, amateur or otherwise, who wish to join in. Bring your own instrument. They have the drums and piano.

College Alumni Hiking Club: 6/16 Annual Club picnic at magnificent, remote Terrace Pond. Everybody welcome (bring kids). Meet at P.A. Bus Terminal. Info. Desk (40th St. and 8th Ave) 815 a.m. Phone 914 Be 5-1512 for further information.

Con Edison Energy Control Center, West End Ave. Impressive electric control, gas, and steam systems in operation. For the public Tues. thru Sat. 12-3/4/Free. (460-6000).

Chinese Museum, 7 Mott, Chinatown. Exhibition of evolution of Oriental culture, art, music and religion. Tours at special group rates by reservation. Open daily 10-10 (Wo 4-1542).

Conay Island, the "Subway Riviera" with its numerous rides, attractions, midway booths, the N.Y. Aquarium, Nathan's, beaches and surf.

Dayton Village Gala Festival Benefit: 8/14 Peter Seeger, 6/15 Billy Taylor and others. 6/16 Latin and rock groups, Prince's Bay, Staten Island (Yu 4-2766). 6/17 Duke Ellington at the Village Gate, Bleeker and Thompson (Gr 5-5120).

Empire State Building Observatory: A spectacular view from the top of the world's tallest building. Open daily from 9:30 to midnight (last ticket sold at 11:30 p.m.). Adults \$1.50, children, 75c. Group rates. 350 Fifth Ave. (Lo 5-3100).

Ferry Ride on that old bargain, the Staten Island line, still only a nickel each 20-minute ride. Boats depart from the slip at South Ferry.

Gallery Talks, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53 (245-3200). 6/14, "Recent Trends." (Sylvia Milgram) 6/15 "Photography Collection." (Paul R. Harris) 3:30 p.m.

Gallery Talks, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison 8/18, 8:30 "Myth, Mirth and Media in Modern Art" (David Hupert). 6/19, 3:00 "The Rise of Mini Art" (Marjorie Kramer). For further info (249-4100, Ext. 36).

Hotel Pierre: Cafe Tea Concerts Sunday at 3 in the Coronet Room. 97. (Te 8-8000).

Madison Square Garden: Behind-the-scenes tour the facilities of the world's largest center for sports and entertainment. \$1.50 adults, \$1 students, 75c children. Special group rates. (594-6800).

Museum of Famous People, 133 W 50th (Ju 6-2616). 169 vinyl-plastic figures, life-size. It's no Mme. Tussaud, but it's interesting. Group rates.

National Broadcasting Company RCA Building, Rockefeller Center. One-hour Guided Tour of Radio and TV Studios. Daily, 9-7. Adults \$1.65, Children 90c. Group rates available (CI 7-8300).

National Design Center, 415 E 53 at 1st. New ideas on decor for the home. Room settings arranged by famous designers. Mon-Fri, 9:30 to 5:30. Sat. Sun. 12 to 5. Free. (Mu 8-7035).

N.Y. Flan Market, 25th and 6th. Collectors, traders, hobbyists, artists and antiquarians exhibit in a price range from ten cents to \$2,000. Open Sundays 1-7. (Phone Be 3-6010 if weather is uncertain.) Adm. 98c.

N.Y. Public Library. Events at various branches, films, readings, concerts. (Of 5-4200 Ext. 391).

New York Stock Exchange, where you can watch the operation of the nation's biggest securities market from the gallery overlooking the trading floor. Talks every quarter hour; films, exhibition hall, etc. Group tours or more, contact Ho 2-2810, Ext. 297.

Guided tours available. N.Y. Stock Exchange, 20 Broad St., at Wall Street.

Old Merchant's House, 29 E 4th St. Sp. 7-1089. Interesting town house built in Greek revival style in 1830 with 18th 19th-century furniture and some clothing of the era. Tours, Tues. through Sun. at 2, 4 and 6 p.m. Admission, 50c. Under 12, 25c.

Old Poetry Reading, Bryant Park, 42nd & 5th. 6/15, 1:30 Louis Simpson and Raymond Patterson 6/17, 2:30 James Wright and Sandra Hochman AND 6/19, 1:00 Mayor Lindsay and Marianne Moore

Poetry Readings: 6/20 Zbigniew Herbert (Poland) Czeslaw Milosz (Poland), Giuseppe Ungaretti (Italy). 92nd St. YM & YWHA.

Police Academy Museum, 253 E 20 (Or 7-1133). Free tour of exhibits on narcotics, old police items, photos, handcuffs, gambling, unusual weapons; a visit to the Police Laboratory, Bomb Squad, Ballistics, gym, swimming pool. Tours at 10, 1, Mon-Fri.

Poodle Obedience Training: Summer outdoor training classes in Central Park at the 79th St. and

5th Ave. entrance, Thursday evenings from 8:30 until 8 p.m. Free (to 8/29).

RCA Exhibition Hall, with displays on space-age projects (operated by push-buttons), and the latest in TV, hi-fi, etc. Also, see yourself on TV Daily, 11 a.m. to 7:45 p.m. 40 W. 49th St.

South Street Seaport: Summer festival celebrating the return of square rigged ships from South Street. On 6/15 the Eagle, U.S. Coast Guard fully rigged training ship opens for two weekends of public display.

Stargazing, on the Great Lawn in Central Park at 81st near CPW, 8/19 starting at 11 p.m. under the auspices of the American-Museum-Hayden Planetary.

St. Peter's Gate, Le 54th. Basement cabaret with free entertainment, noon to 2 daily. Bring your own lunch and see shows presented by young talent in search of a showcase and an audience.

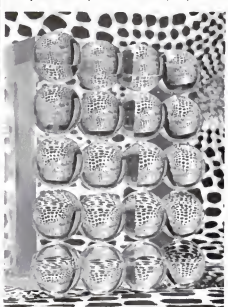
Art

NEW SOLOS

M.B.J. Gotkin—Panoras, 62 W 56) 6/17-7/5

Ruth Lewis—Gordon, 35 W 53) 7/5

Nancy Marshall—(Judson, 239 Thompson) 6/17-23



A plexiglass sculpture by Ginger Friedman at Lincoln Institute Art Gallery.

Amalia Palaz—(Zegri, 152 E 79) 8/18-29

Emilio Sanchez—(AAA, 605 Fifth) 6/17-7/5

Alan Sundberg—(Insel, 987 3rd) 8/20-7/11

CONTINUING SOLOS

Barbara Adrian—(Baner, 23 E 67) 6/27

Claude Assian—(Interchurch, 475 Riverside) to 8/14

Beartling—(Fried, 40 E 68) 8/15

Alan Bernowitz—(Gallery 55, 55 7th) 8/18

Louis Biro—(Shuster, 538 Third) 6/15

Camilla Blaffer—(Hilton, 1335 6th) 7/2

Edith Carlson—(Grand Central, 8 W 58) 6/22

Bobbi Crasley—(Gotham, 41 W 47) 6/23

Edwin Dickinson—(Graham, 1014 Mad) to 8/29

John Friedlander—(Graphix, 21 Greenwich)

Sam Gilliam—(Byron 51 1018 Mad) thru June

John Graham—(Emerich, 41 E 57)

Andre Hambourg—(17 E 57) 6/22

Louis Jaque—(Spectrum, 54 W 57) 8/22

James Kelly—(LIU, 385 Flatbush) to 8/14

Ernst Lanyon—(Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth) thru June

Garhard Liebmann—(Stable, 33 E 74) 8/30

Palko Lukacs—(DeMena, 435 E 88) 6/18

Frank Manuella—(Avanti, 145 E 72) 6/15

Ed McGowan—(Jackson, 32 E 68) 6/22

Pat Maranet—(Atelier, 170 E 87) 8/15

Edgar Ritchard—(Qantas, 542 5th) 6/29

Kenneth Rowell—(Wright, 205 E 60) to 8/22
Chuck Sealin—(Gallery 55, 55 7th) to 6/16
Jamaa Stirling—(Modern Art, 11 W 53) to 8/4
Walter Stein—(Weyhe, 794 Lax) to 8/28
Ugarite—(Galerie, 1095 Mad) to 6/27

OPENING GROUP SHOWS

Ahds Artzt—(142 W 67)—Brothend, DaPoan, Nicholas, D. Baker, Fydrick, 8/17-27
Leo Castelli—(4 E 77)—Group show, 8/15-29
Cardell & Ekstrom—(978 Mad)—Gallery group, paintings and sculpture, 8/18-28
Grand Central—(40 Vanderbilt)—Summer group shows, 8/18-8/31
Kips Bay—(613 2nd)—Susan Stowers and Leon Golomb, 8/19-30
Pietrantonio—(26 E 84)—19th century French sculptures, Bayre, Rosa Bonheur, others, 8/16-30
Shuster—(536 3rd)—Group show of gallery artists, 8/19-30
York—(70 E 56)—Group show, 8/18-29

CONTINUING GROUP SHOWS

Academy of Arts & Letters—(Audubon Terrace)—Newly elected members and winners, to 6/23
Adamo Galleria—(244 Fifth)—Maurice Boteil and Jean Rigaud
Baer—(23 E 87)—25 artists including Bohrod, Grosser, Hoff, Rain and Wolfe, to 6/27
Bykert—(15 W 57)—Bollinger, Hart, Mogensen, Wilson, to 8/20
DaNagy—(29 W 57)—Group show by young artists who are members of regular stable, including Archy Rand and David Prentis, to 8/29
Dintenfuss—(18 E 87)—Gallery group, to 8/28
East Hampton—(450 W 58)—Eric Alberts, Elizabeth Mamorsky, Bernard Galkin, to 6/22. Sculpture Group, to 8/22
Elkon—(1083 Mad)—Group show, gallery stable, to 8/27
FR—(746 Mad)—Gallery group show, to 6/29
Findley—(11-13 E 57)—Group show of contemporary French and German paintings and sculpture
Alism Franklin—(41 E 57)—Gallery group and new acquisitions, 6/10 on
Kotler—(3 E 65)—Gabriel Custodio, Nola Muchow, Berenice Pliskin, Judith Wolfe, to 8/15
LaBoe—(1042 Mad)—Gallery collection, thru July
Lewisohn—(35 E 64)—19th & early 20th Century American paintings, to 8/29
Loeb Student Center—(566 W Bway)—League of Present Day Artists, to 6/27
Midtown—(11 E 67)—Highlights of the Season, to 8/29
Phonix—(939 Mad)—Graphics, to 8/29
Professional Artists Guild—(RA), Gallery, 527 Mad)—Long Island Artists in various media and techniques, to 8/21
Sachs—(29 W 57)—Gallery, invited artists, to 6/28
Shepherd—(21 E 84)—The Non-Dissenters, French 19th Century paintings, bronzes, drawings, from David to Chavannas, to 8/15
Washington Irving—(126 E 18)—Prints by Kokoška, Pascin, Lauret, to 6/19
Ruth White—(42 E 67)—Gallery group, to 8/28
Zigri—(152 E 79)—Latin American group, all media, to 6/15

Museums

American Academy of Arts and Letters—Audubon Terrace Broadway bet. 155-156 Sts. AU 8-1480, Tue-Sat 1-4. Hours of newly elected members and winner of honors and awards; Manuscript Exhibition and Gold Medalist in Poetry; Exhibition of Newly elected Academy Members—through June 23.
American Museum of Natural History—C.P.W. at 79th, TR 3-1300, Ext 311, Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun-Hol 1-5. Extensive permanent exhibits make up one of the world's great collections.
Architectural League of N.Y.—41 E 86, 628-4500, Mon-Sat 10-5, Sat 1-5. "Subways" by graphic designer Barbara Stauffacher—through June 29.
Aula House—112 E 64th, PL 1-4210, Mon-Fri 1-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 1-5. The Art of the Korean Potter.

Brooklyn Museum—Eastern Parkway, NE 8-5000, Sun 1-5, Mon-Sat 10-5. Rodin; Special Chess Show; Children's Art Exhibition.
Center for Inter-American Relations—880 Park Ave., 249-8950, daily 12-6. "Minucode." A Social Environment by Marta Minujin.
The Cloisters—Fr. Tryon Park, N.Y. A branch of the Metropolitan Museum devoted to medieval art, recorded religious and secular music of the Middle Ages. Closed Mon. Frae tours Wed at 3 p.m.
Cooper Union Museum—Cooper Square, AL 4-6300, Mon-Fri 10-5. Drawings & paintings by Frederick Church, 22 Winslow Homer paintings.
Finch College Museum, 62 E 78th, BU 8-8450, Tue-Sun 1-5. Destructionist Art—through June 20.
Frick Collection, 5th at 70th. Works of art and chamber music concerts, 10-6. Thur-Fri and Sat. 1-6. Sun-Wed and holidays.
Gallery of Israel Art—4 E 54th, 751-2700, Sun 1-5, Mon-Tue-Wed 10-5, Tue-Thur 10-8. From the Lands of the Bible: Art and Antiquities; over 450 archaeological objects.
Goethe House—1014 Fifth bet. 82-83, PL 1-5487, Mon-Fri Sat 10-5, Tue-Thur 2-9. Fred Stein Memorial—photographic exhibit.
Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., EN 9-5110, Tue-Sat 10-8, Tue eve till 9, Sun-Hol 12-8. A selection of sculpture and drawings by contemporary New England artist Harold Tovish. Rousseau, Redon and Fantasy: an exhibition of almost 130 works by artists who have dealt with the imaginary extensions of reality. The show is being presented as part of the Museum's continuing series of educational summer exhibitions.
Jewish Museum—1109 Fifth Ave., RI 9-3770, Sun 11-6, Mon-Thur 12-5, Fri 11-3, closed Sat. Recent Italian painting and sculpture by Carla Accardi, Enrico Baj, Alberto Burri, Andrea Casella, Lucio Fontana, etc. Shown in conjunction with exhibition from Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston: "Young Italians" Valerio Adami, Enrico Castellani, Mario Carli.
Long Island University—385 Flatbush Ave, Ext. Nr. DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, UL 2-9100, Mon-Thur 10-8, Fri-Sat 10-4, Contemporary American Drawings III, (SITES)—June 1-23; Eskimo Graphic Art II (SITES)—June 22-July 14.
Metropolitan Museum of Art—Fifth Ave, at 62nd St. TR 9-5500, Mon-Sat 10-5, Tue eve till 10, Sun-Hol 1-5. Five major sculpture acquisitions on view in special grouping, "Month of Lucas", Gobel tapestries.
Museum of American Folk Art—49 W 63rd, LT 1-2474, Tue-Sun 10:30-5:30. Permanent Collection and Promised Gifts: Part III; this show will feature the decoys exhibited at Expo 87 and the newly rediscovered wood fantasy carvings of John Scholl.
Museum of the City of New York—Fifth Ave at 103rd St. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, LE 4-1872, 18th & 19th century furniture. Permanent collection. Metropolitan Opera Box.
Museum of Contemporary Crafts—29 W 53rd St. C 6-6840, Mon-Sat 11-8, Sun 1-6. American Craftsman's Council 25th Anniversary All Media Exhibition opening on June 21.
Museum of Modern Art—11 W 63rd St., 824-3963 Mon-Sat 11-6, Thur eve till 9, Sun 12-6, Carter-Bresson: Since the Decisive Moment (photography)—June 25 on; Manhattan Observed (prints)—through June; James Stirling (architecture)—June 10 on; Photographs Before Surrealism—through June.
Museum of the Performing Arts—111 Amsterdam Ave. Boris Anisfeld—through June 29; also opera exhibit.
Museum of Primitive Art—15 W 54th St. CI 8-9493, Tue-Sat 12-5, Sat 1-5, Art of the Congo. New-York Historical Society, 77th and CPW. New gallery of American Art: the Audubon Collection of original watercolors; antique carriages, fire carts and memorabilia of 19th century volunteer fire companies.
Pierpont Morgan Library—33 E 36th St. MU 6-0008. Recent acquisitions.
Whitney Museum of American Art—945 Madison, 249-4100, daily 11-8, Sun-Hol 12-6. Sculpture by Isamu Noguchi—through June 18; Acquisitions: 1967-68—through July 7.

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EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

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ART IN NEW YORK

Recent Acquisitions (Whitney Museum, 945 Madison): It can truly be said that styles in art produce their own conventions, and the many pristine, glossy, slick, ultra-contemporary works included in this show suddenly form a conglomerate picture of conventionality. Thus it is, that the lone Marsden Hartley landscape, also on view, emerges as the most modern of paintings in a sea of contemporary styles. It may be the over-exposure enjoyed by such well-known names as Noland, Warhol, Kelly, Judd, Wesselmann or Olitski, to name but a few, that brings about this sense of overriding conventionality—even when bearing in mind that this is not a trail-blazing show, but only a recent acquisitions show. Still that sense of saturation comes on strong, one becomes weary of the shock of recognition. It is this which gives the Hartley, or the Winslow Homer, their look of extraordinary freshness, even of boldness. But the Whitney is doing its job, and doing it splendidly. It has, after all, amassed the largest 20th century collection held by any public institution, and it continues to collect with undiminished fervor. There are 29 new names, all acquired for the first time. The point here is that there are more artists working and showing today than ever before, and the Whitney is not unaware of this incredible burst of activity and quite rightly acquires the best of it. Among the most interesting newcomers is Stanley Landsman, whose *Theseus and Ariadne* is a spectacular light construction in which hundreds of tiny light-bulbs are reflected in a maze of mirrors, suggesting an infinite constellation of stars moving in a pure geometric course. The work comes installed with a light-regulator which the public can work, and which changes the degree of illumination and the sense of infinity. Les Levine's *Star Machine* is an illusionistic walk-through sculpture made of acrylic plastic and galvanized steel. It, too, successfully suggests outer-space.

Other new artists included in this handsomely installed exhibition are Stephen Von Huene's *Persistent Yet Unsuccessful Swordsman*, a sado-masochistically oriented construction of leather and wood that just reeks with sinister overtones, and John Scholl's *Flowering Circle*, another fascinating exercise in illusion. The show contains 144 paintings, sculpture, drawings and prints acquired by the Whitney through gifts of the Friends of the Whitney, The Howard and Jean Lipman Foundation, the Larry Aldrich Foundation, the Neysa McMein Purchase Award, and the Museum's own purchase funds.



Freddy Wittop: costume sketch for "Roar of the Greasepaint."

ARTHUR JOSEPHSON and "The Non-Dissenters" (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th): Drawings, the chamber music of art, are the mainstay of this charming gallery which has all the intimate qualities of a tiny, out-of-the-way European museum. There are three floors, each of them containing whole roomful of exquisite works. "The Non-Dissenters" centers on French masters ranging from David to Degas. The line moves from the academicism of the 18th century, to the Impressionists. There are over 200 drawings, watercolors, pastels and small bronzes by 110 artists. Most are remarkable. On the upper floor, drawings by Arthur Josephson, mostly of animals, are devoid of sentimentality, and offer several insights into technical refinement and felt observation.

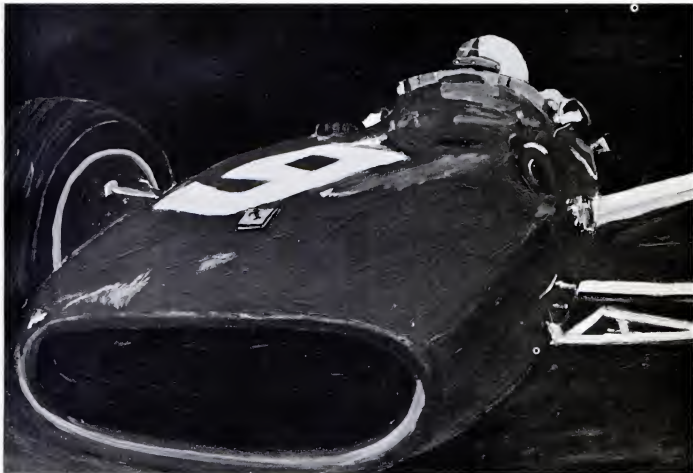
EDWARD MCGOWIN (Jackson, 32 E. 69th): Given the complexity of technique with which the artist arrives at his finished sculptural products, the results are as gay, buoyant, summery and delightful as balloons and whirligigs in a child's hand. In effect, McGowin, whose first New York show this is, takes clear plastic sheets, sprays them with paint, then vacuum-forms them into assorted shapes. The paint comes out in dots, a kind of pointillist technique. The works have a glossy sheen, are full of light, and are extremely colorful. The message is mercifully light-hearted. "THE STAGE IS SET, PART 2" (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th): It's magic-time at the Capricorn as ten of our most gifted scenic designers offer costumes and sets created

for opera, ballet and theatre, all on paper, of course. The designers are Theoni V. Aldredge, Edith Luytens Bel Geddes, Peter Larkin, Ming Cho Lee, Robert O'Hearn, Oliver Smith, Jose Varona, Miles White, Freddy Wittop and Patricia Zipprodt. The productions range from Oliver Smith's sets for *My Fair Lady* to

but always dynamic. The show is dedicated to Lorenzo Bandini and Jimmy Clark, two ace drivers both killed last year while practicing their sport.

FRED MARTIN (Marks, 19 E. 71st): This odd show of black-and-white paintings incorporates the written word, the effusive floral, the Rococo decoration, and

men and how Indians were always Indians. The movie syndromes reverberate throughout the show as the stereophonic sound of hoofs amidst the Vistavision prairies echo the shouts and yells of roaring cowboys and charging Indians. There are bar-room scenes, historic confrontation scenes, quiet canoe scenes, and noisy



Joe Wilder: sports car painting, at the Stone Gallery.

Robert O'Hearn's costume designs for Strauss' *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*. The show brims with sound; it's a case of the eye awakening the ear to a cacophony of memorable music. But the eye wins out as the fluid, imaginative pens and brushes of these designers produce their own visual wizardries.

JOE WILDER (Stone, 48 E. 86th): The fever, danger and excitement of sports-car racing is handsomely translated into paint by Joe Wilder who is, ironically, director of surgery at the Hospital of Joint Diseases, and professor of surgery at the Mount Sinai College of Medicine. In sinuous, dashing, highly charged strokes he produces both the racing-car and its image of speed. The colors are bold, the approach to the cars somewhat illustrative,

myriad homey subjects, designs and sayings, all signifying . . . what? The works are very large and, finally, as busy as a wallpaper pattern gone berserk. This is not to say that Martin lacks a certain zest or a lively imagination. Perplexing is the word for this show.

"HOW THE WEST WAS WON" (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th): Seen any good Westerns lately? There are technicolor, black-and-white, and green-filtered Westerns all over Wildenstein's—and the price of admission is only \$1 (for the benefit of the Hospital for Special Surgery.) The show consists of a rip-roaring selection of paintings, watercolors and bronzes by Frederick Remington and Charles M. Russell, two Americans who opened the West and showed how men used to be

gun-fight scenes. Obviously, the most entertaining show in town.

RALPH MITCHELL TATE & BOB KANE (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th): When the doodles of presidents, even presidents as beloved as John F. Kennedy, are immortalized in metal and wood sculptures, that awful word 'pretentiousness' rears its ugly head. The fact is, Mr. Tate's "Doodles in Dimension" (as he calls them) overcrowd the gallery and seem singularly devoid of relevancy, sculptural or otherwise, and relate not at all to the grace and unconscious pictorial doodles of JFK. The idea is well-intentioned but misfires. Stuck forlornly in the gallery's entrance space are the still-lives of Bob Kane. They are very bright, very Matisse-inspired, nicely organized, and full of good cheer. ■

BEST BETS

RECOMMENDATIONS OF CURRENT AND CHOICE EVENTS OF THE WEEK



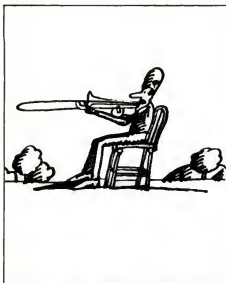
Sweat-in

The Cooper Union Alumni Association are having the alumni ball to end all alumni balls, at the Barclay Club on June 22. Tickets are \$15 per person (Turkish baths included) and dress is optional — black tie and bikini preferred. For reservations call GR 3-2850, or write to 41 Cooper Square. (Naturally, you don't have to be an alumni to attend.)



That Was the Future That Was

One of the nice things about summer in New York is the Film Festival at the Thalia. It starts off with a bang on June 14 with a double bill which should be a must for all science-fantasy fans: two H. G. Wells movies: *Things to Come*, made in 1936, and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*, made the following year.



Seventy-Six Trombones!

Among signs of summer, few are as sure or reassuring as the annual Guggenheim Memorial Concerts which the Goldman Band gives at the Central Park and Prospect Park Bandshells from mid-June until just before Labor Day. Included are some of the old band favorites — marches, polkas and novelty numbers — along with some really substantial, more serious things that modern composers have written for band in recent years. One reason they've written them is that the Goldman Band is so good. Hear for yourself (free, of course); the concerts begin this week.



Eliot Revived

Opportunities to see any of T. S. Eliot's verse plays are few and far between, and a chance to see *The Cocktail Party*, particularly when performed by the excellent A.P.A. repertory company, shouldn't be missed. Only two performances of this strange and enigmatic work will be given in New York (at preview prices) before the production goes on tour. Brian Bedford and Frances Sternhagen join the regular company at the Lyceum.

Ball Game

A neat new toy which was featured on the *Tonight* show in May is proving a best-seller to adults as well as children. Called "Swinging Wonder," it's manufactured by Creative Playthings, and is available from their shop at One Rockefeller Plaza. For the scientifically inclined, the toy demonstrates Newton's third law of motion, but for anyone at all it creates a perplexingly different number of swing patterns, according to the number of balls set in motion. It's all a question of kinetic energy. Great for parties when the conversation lags.



Museum Music

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is having a series of chamber music recitals on Tuesday evenings, when the Museum is open late, until 10 p.m. Supper is available in the Museum restaurant, which stays open till 8:30, when the concerts start. The first program is pure pleasure—Haydn's string quartet in E flat major; Mozart's clarinet quintet in A major; and Schubert's octet in F major. Admission is \$5, and tickets are available from the auditorium Office of the Museum. Begins June 18.



Duke at the Gate

Daytop Village is a therapeutic community on Staten Island for the rehabilitation of ex-drug addicts. The program has been very successful, but Daytop remains in need of funds. They are having a four-day benefit music gala from June 14-17. The first three performances will be given at Daytop itself, and will feature a number of rock bands, plus Janis Ian and Pete Seeger. The fourth performance will be at *The Village Gate*, and will feature Duke Ellington. Tickets range in price from \$5 to \$50, and are available from Daytop Village, 450 Bayview Avenue, Staten Island; or call YU 4-2766.



The Mayor as Poet?

The Department of Parks is having a series of outdoor poetry readings through June, beginning June 19, when Marianne Moore will be joined by Mayor Lindsay for a recital in Bryant Park at 1 p.m. Miss Moore will read from her own works, but the Mayor isn't going to be revealed as a secret Keats—he'll merely read works by his favorite poets.

A Teenager at Gracie Mansion

By Eugenia Sheppard

"... Sometimes it gets on my nerves. All those people—you can't imagine how many . . ."

"Living in Gracie Mansion is just about the same as living anywhere else, except you have a policeman instead of a doorman," Margie Lindsay says. Like her father, she is quick with an answer.

On an early summer weekend at Gracie Mansion, 15-year-old Margie, the second daughter of Mayor and Mrs. John Lindsay is killing time, playing with her eight-year-old brother, Johnny, the youngest in the family. She is wearing a man's shirt and bell-bottom dungarees that she bought at a boutique and painstakingly fringed with her own razor.

"I like it here," says Margie, waving at the big white house with its pillared porch, the green lawns, the view of the bridge and the boats going by. "I don't like it all the time, though. Sometimes it gets on my nerves. All those people—you can't imagine how many people there are around."

Margie has had a girl friend, Laura Everett, spending the night with her in one of the two beds of her own big, square room. "Mom likes to have me go out and have people over," she says. The two girls sat up until 4 a.m., talking and working on their history of art term papers due before they finished the ninth grade at Chapin. Margie's subject is Giotto.

After a leisurely, late breakfast, Margie has had Giotto for a while. She feels more like climbing into the tree house that is Johnny's retreat from all the people around.

The tree house was built by Charlie Fanning of the Parks Department at the time the Lindsays moved in. "Johnny was going to build it himself, but somehow that didn't seem to be such a good idea. It's all his own, and he makes sure that everyone knows it, too."

Gracie Mansion, for all its spacious look is only a medium size house and none too big for the Lindsay family. The rooms downstairs, furnished elegantly now with early American furniture and paintings, many loaned from museums, have a kind of bland, public feeling. The Lindsays do most of their private living in the bedrooms, grouped around a big, old fashioned upper hall.

Margie used to share quarters with her 17-year-old sister, Kathy, but when Kathy went off to study at the University of Pennsylvania, she asked to have the room for herself. When Kathy comes home for summer vacation, she'll move in temporarily with 12-year-old Ann or Johnny.

Margie's room is on the southeast corner. All the big windows look out on trees. It seems impossible that a city is near.

Margie's blue walls are decorated with a few horse pictures and lots of posters. A Laurel and Hardy poster is the biggest, and hung where she can see it when she wakes up. "I love posters and designs. Sometimes people just send them to Dad, but I buy a lot at Bookmaster's."

Margie's desk doubles as a dressing table. The top is littered with the tools of her current career as a fashion model. To get to work on her Giotto paper she must have fought her way through ranks of jars, bottles and brushes.

Margie has always planned to become a fashion model, and she already knew quite a bit about makeup before she made her debut at Maximilian's custom-order fur collection last fall. "I like to play around with all this stuff. Sometimes I get too much on," she says, "but not often."

For work Margie puts on false eyelashes that she bought at a drug store. After she adds foundation, eyeliner, mascara, blush-on, lipstick and lip gloss, she looks ten years older, the beauty she will be some day.

Margie also loves cosmetics and clothes. She would really rather spend her money on make-up. It does add up, even though her favorite products are Revlon, Clairol and Yardley. She uses a Bonnie Bell lipstick.

She shops for her own clothes and finds them in both boutiques and the young departments of stores. The blue jeans that she lives in most of the time come from a boutique called The Different Drummer. They cost \$6. Her shirts are hand-me-downs from Kathy or Dad.

Margie Lindsay swings on front gate of Gracie Mansion as police guard stands by.





“... Her shirts are hand-me-downs from her sister or her dad ...”



School friend Laura Everett prepares to leave after sleeping over in Margie's room.



Making up in order to look older for modeling session, Margie puts on eyelashes and eyeliner.

Sometimes on Saturdays Margie and a crowd of her school friends make an afternoon of it at Bloomingdale's. They prow through the store looking at everything and may not spend a cent.

Even though she used to hate it, Margie has the advantage of height. She is five feet ten inches tall and is still boyishly slim. She already wears size 9½ shoes.

Margie has a lot of free-swinging, dark hair that she just lets alone. "I'm too lazy to set it. I can't get those curlers right." Once in a while she goes to her mother's hair dresser, but she can't even remember his name. Her eyes are blue-green. The wide, white smile she sometimes suddenly flashes is exactly like her father's. "They have the same sense of humor," Mrs. Lindsay says.

Margie (christened Margaret) and the Mayor are very close. She can wind him around her little finger, according to Mrs. Lindsay. Once Margie said to her mother, "You know I love you, Mom, but I love Daddy best."

Later the same day she played with Johnny in the tree house, she makes a serious shopping trip downtown for clothes to be photographed in. She puts on eyelashes, makeup, a simple beige shift, a huge pop wrist watch, and three rings.

Margie descends from backyard tree house where she retires to get away from it all.



“... Gracie Mansion is medium sized, not too big for the Lindsays...”



A favorite outfit is her bellbottom jeans which she bought for \$6 at A Different Drummer boutique. (Below) she plays with her eight-year old brother Johnny on back lawn.

As she strides into Lord & Taylor's Young New Yorker sportswear shop, Margie looks serious and businesslike. "I don't like gimmicks, and I don't like midi skirts," she says. She goes along the racks quickly but not missing a dress. She turns positively pale when a saleswoman brings her something pink and ruffled, saying, "Isn't this sweet?"

The first sign of enthusiasm is when she spots a sleeveless brown piqué dress printed in big, stylized yellow daisies, priced at \$12. "That's the kind of dress I'd wear to a party." She goes to a dressing room and comes back wearing it. She passes a tree hung with big, summer straw hats and picks one off.

"I just love big, floppy hats." She stands pensively for a minute in front of a full-length mirror.

The dress costs \$12. "Shall I have it put in a box for you, Miss Lindsay?" asks the saleswoman. "Oh, no. If I make up my mind, I'll call and have it sent."

Up to now, none of the customers have recognized Margie Lindsay, but a teenager suddenly whispers to another, "It's the Mayor's daughter."

A small crowd of teenagers gathers, but nobody asks for an autograph. That will come later. Margie pretends not to notice her fans.

At Splendiferous, one of the largest, fanciest boutiques in town, she is polite but indifferent to the clothes. She doesn't really go for the fancy dress look. A







"... We have our own phones, or Dad wouldn't have a prayer ..."

blonde girl her own age is ecstatic about a dress made of tiers of white organdie ruffles. "Did you ever see anything worse?" says Margie in a whisper.

She settles for a classic brown linen suit, poses in the window and on the sidewalk in front. Again a crowd gathers.

Margie made up her mind long ago that she wanted to become a fashion model. It was great when Eileen Ford signed her up, but, so far, her school work has been too demanding for her to take many jobs. Besides, Chapin school has taken a less than enthusiastic view of some of the publicity that goes along with Margie's work.

Next winter she will go to boarding school. "We let her make her own decision last Christmas," says Mrs. Lindsay. "It was a hard one for her. She'll be near Boston, and she'll find it so different from New York."

Margie has also made her first big sacrifice for her career. She had a chance to spend three weeks on a ranch in Wyoming. She is mad about horses. Every chance she gets, she rides in Central Park with a group of friends or one of her cousins. She always rents the same horse, Stonewall Jackson. The western trip, though, came right at the time for modeling the fall clothes. "Oh boy, would I like to get in on that photographic stuff," she said, and so she will.

When the Lindsays move out to the house they rent every summer in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, Margie can commute and still work in town. Weekends she can crew. The Lindsays are all dedicated sailors.

Before that there is quite a lot of social life to go through. On the night of June 15 Kathy comes out at Gracie Mansion, along with her cousin, Marnie Lindsay and a friend, Carol O'Neill. Margie will have a dance, too. "It's going to be informal; come in anything you want to." She has been through the dancing school bit in the Knickerbocker Dancing Classes, of which her mother is a board member. She knows as many boys as girls.

During the school year Margie isn't allowed out on week nights. On weekends she's usually with a group. Sometimes they go to the movies, but more often just sit around and play records.

"This spring I got invited up to Choate for the weekend. It was fun. And I got a letter from a guy I never heard of asking me down to Princeton. Did you ever hear of anything so crazy?"

What she and her girl friend really like best though is available right at Gracie Mansion. It's a game she calls pig poker. "We sit around playing it with Daddy's aides."

Sitting on backfence, Margie wears a brown sleeveless pique dress, \$12 from Lord & Taylor.



While Johnny holds a window open for his sister, Margie climbs back into Gracie Mansion.

“... If I make up my mind, I'll call and have it sent...”



Margie chose an unfussy brown linen suit at Splendiferous. \$70 by Elite Juniors.

In Gracie Mansion, the four Lindsay children have their own telephone. It's an unlisted number, but it's always busy, mostly with Margie on the line. "We had to have our own phone. Mom and Dad wouldn't have had a prayer any other way," she says.

At parties, Margie is no gourmet; she really prefers peanut butter sandwiches, but although she's long and lanky she is watching her weight. "Every now and then I go on crash diets. It's simple. I just stop eating, but I break down in two or three days."

In August the Lindsays will interrupt both Margie's social life and her career. They plan to take Kathy and her to the Republican convention, even though Margie has wanted all year to work for McCarthy.

"She's trying to wiggle out of going, but we're not going to let her off," Mrs. Lindsay says. "We think it will be terribly interesting to her at her age."

Margie Lindsay may or may not be a spectacular bride some day in a wedding at Gracie Mansion or even the White House. Her chic, contemporary looks and her honest, direct way of talking may or may not make her a national idol on the Jackie Kennedy scale, but at least she'll go on record as one of the longest-enduring fifteen year olds.

Last fall when she started modelling, word went out that Margie was fifteen. "I knew it was going to happen in a couple of weeks, so I thought, why not push it ahead a little?"

Just as she predicted it did happen—about six months later, on June 3.

Margie prefers covered-up bathing suit "right" for summer in Cold Spring Harbor.



Margie in Lord & Taylor's "leather" dress.



Margie vetoes white organdy Midi outfit.



Dialogue with a Neighborhood

By Dorothy Kalins Wise Photographs by Jon Narr

“... Four years ago Roger Katan moved into Italian East Harlem to work for the community. Now he's an old timer. . .”



Roger Katan on his roof over East 116th Street infuses the neighborhood with action.

The house where Roger Katan lives and works is in constant dialogue with the neighborhood that contains it. Its front windows reflect the unexpected broadness of East 116th Street running to the river. The back windows peer down onto old-world Italian back yards rich with trees, where in the summer grapes grow big enough to make wine. The front door swings open to students and apprentices, neighborhood leaders and planners, committees and delegates from “downtown,” architects and urbanists from all over the world. Next door is the settlement house that owns the building. Every day Katan and his assistants come closer to their goal of tearing it down.

Katan is an architect—an environmental designer, planner, teacher, urbanist. He's also a humanist without self-righteousness. Four years ago he moved into the Italian section of East Harlem (via his native Morocco, Paris and Philadelphia) to study and help articulate the needs of the neighborhood. Community leaders had asked him to design a settlement house that would replace the present old La Guardia House, a plan that would get rid

of his own house at the same time.

Roger Katan walks his streets like an old timer. He says that the local Italian bakery—Salerno, on Second Avenue—is the best in the world. With obvious familiarity, he walks to the back of the shop and opens the wall oven, showing its fiery insides. He long ago memorized the baking schedule and someone from his house is usually there to pick up warm loaves and run them around the corner.

The small espresso shop on the same block sides on the lot that will become the Second Avenue entrance to the new settlement house with its balconied home for the elderly rising in a tower above. Katan paces the ground outside unaware of cement and spokes and broken glass, explaining how much better the area is since the rat patrol came and cleaned out rotted mattresses and garbage. He shows how he'll pull down the side of the cafe, opening it to the plaza entrance of the building so people can sit outside and play cards and have coffee. He conjures up the picture of a small Italian village. Inside the cafe, a large blonde woman named Rosie, who is sitting over a crowded table at a

Katan as advocate planner, hired by the neighborhood to fight against a city plan for an area called El Barrio. From Seventh to Park Avenues east and from 108th to 125th Streets north. The city's plan had 'vest pocket' buildings in haphazard spots— isolated from the community. Katan's organic landscape is part of his philosophy for living space. Pyramiding pueblo constructions allow for individual determination of space—flexibility that still uses prefabricated components. Neighborhood organizations defeated the city's haphazard plan. Now they are seeking and getting sponsorship from churches to implement Katan's plan.





In meeting with neighborhood organizations.

fast game of something, whoops out as we come in, "How do you like the coffee? Eh? Better than downtown?"

Outside, espresso cup in hand, Katan is still pacing the lot, showing where the elevator shaft will be. Unexpectedly, he comes out with an idea. The entrance to the building will be, he says, a gradation of space from public to private—from the active Second Avenue sidewalk, to the semi-public cafe area, to the semi-private covered veranda just outside the almost-private building lobby. "It makes sense," he says. "Function relates to objects; motion is an alive thing, focusing on man moving. Form must follow motion."

The covered area just outside the lobby will be festooned with vines and tendrils from plants that now grow in the backyard of La Guardia House. Vines are part of what makes a cluster of buildings a neighborhood. Katan was quick to see that, and quick to incorporate vines as a real part of his design. Katan's architecture-for-living reflects his humanism. He understands what people need in order to live. He needs it himself.

He walks around the corner to a very small old Italian man with a very large stand of flowers spilling out on the 116th Street sidewalk. Katan lays an obvious Italian accent over his own discernible French one. He finally bargains the man down to two dollars for a shocking-red petunia.

Katan goes back inside his office, the collar of his work shirt loosened around a blue and red dotted tie, gesturing with a Gauloise to the new La Guardia House model (now called Corsi Houses, after the late neighborhood leader). He talks about the fight, always the fight—with bureaus and bureaucracies, commissions and commissioners on every government agency level. Specific issues obscure the simplicity of the situation: neighborhoods know best what they need and the neighborhood unit is the only way to deal with the monster of urban living.

Battles inside and outside the neighborhood stalled the La Guardia project for many months. The community, once 90 per cent Italian and 10 per cent Puerto Rican, is gradually reversing the figures. Although the settlement house was Italian-managed, the old-guard middle class neighborhood resented the changing neighborhood and the Puerto Ricans who would



*"The neighborhood
has to trust you
before you can
help them."
Katan at his
local florist.*





Katan's idea for living education—office apprenticeship—begins here.

eventually inherit the project. In addition the city, in appropriating land for the project, was overcautious ("They call it security; I call it waste," Katan says) and slated for razing many buildings left standing in Katan's plans. The project was paralyzed until Katan made up a petition with diagrams showing exactly which houses would be left standing. His plan took only two-thirds of the space designated by the city. In two days he had 2500 neighborhood signatures. The petition worked, and Katan got the project moving again.

The only way the new settlement house could be financed was through a state loan that would provide funds for a community project only if it included housing for the elderly as well. So the project was designed—a two-story community house with gym, amphitheater, neighborhood service offices and day care centers, lawns and gardens and parking space. On top in a balconied tower is the living space for the elderly.

The fight for the tower is typical. State authorities looking at the many proposed versions, each another solution of economical use of space, said the building was too beautiful for low-cost housing. And the balconies! The state said "Strip them. Too much money. We are not used to having balconies on low-cost housing." Katan didn't give up. He showed how it could be done with little money. "After all," he said, "the ideal is for people to have a patch of grass and trees. Short of that it is essential that they have air, and a communal place to meet and to sit and look down at the street." The state again said no. The elderly don't even want balconies, they argued. Katan quietly contacted several organizations for the aged and in several days the state authority was besieged with hundreds of pro-balcony letters. The balconies will stay.

Why does Roger Katan fight? Perhaps tenacity, and love of challenge that made him as a student run from Morocco where he was born, and brought him penniless to

Paris where persistent social workers tried to make him abandon his ideas for architecture and become a draftsman. He got a four-year scholarship from the Moroccan government to the Beaux Arts. After that he went to MIT, then to Philadelphia to work for Louis Kahn for three years and finally to New York and a teaching job at Pratt and a life in East Harlem.

Into his two floors of offices Katan has pied-piped a mixed assortment of students and assistants. Many, like the one from Thailand and the one from Haiti are ex-students in his graduate course in tropical architecture at Pratt; another is a Vistal architect, and another an exchange architect from France. A long-haired, work-study, Vassar girl takes notes for him at meetings. A Puerto Rican girl from the neighborhood works on settlement house interiors. One major assistant is an English architect named Brian. Another is a Pratt graduate named Arne who came to Katan with no job and no place to live. Katan gave him both. On the fourth floor and almost everywhere else run Katan's two young and sometimes bilingual children, Boris and Laura.

Katan says he never knows how many people are working for him—he's too busy to count. "Do I work them too hard?" he wonders of their 12, 14, or 16 hour days. They say a year with Katan is better experience than three in school. And pay is mostly in experience, on such proposals in work as redesigning approaches to the Triboro, Brooklyn and Queensboro Bridges.

The main-floor office space spills out into a garden alive with flowers and a red-white-blue painted wall of fantasy. The garden is the board room where all the people from "downtown" are fed on neighborhood pizza, but budgets and alliances and programs and supports are the real business of that garden. And Roger Katan is hard at work there, mapping out new designs for living. ■



*Katan's window
on the neighborhood
where he will
reconstruct
La Guardia House
as consultant
to a N.Y. firm.*



Ethel Kennedy and the Arithmetic of Life and Death.

By Gail Sheehy

Ethel Kennedy knows life from bullets and airplanes and maternity beds. She has brought life into the world ten times and has watched it go out violently seven times from close range. Now it is eight. The arithmetic in her soul has balanced out in favor of life with as much dependability as a crystal scale:

- 1951—daughter Kathleen born
- 1952—son Joseph Patrick born
- 1954—son Robert Francis Jr. born
- 1955—both parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Skakel, killed in an airplane crash
- 1955—son David Anthony born
- 1956—daughter Mary Courtney born
- 1958—son Michael Lemoyne born
- 1959—daughter Mary Kerry born
- 1963—son Christopher George born
- 1963—Brother-in-law, President John F. Kennedy, assassinated by two bullets
- 1965—son Matthew Maxwell Taylor born

1966—brother George Skakel killed in an airplane crash

1967—brother George's wife, Joan, choked to death on a piece of chicken at the dining room table

Add to this the memory of two other Kennedys, Joseph and Kathleen, who went to their deaths in airplanes before Ethel Skakel married into the family. Plus the mentally retarded sister-in-law and the stroke-paralyzed father-in-law.

All this was with Ethel Kennedy when she ran through the kitchen of a Los Angeles hotel last week. The Russian roulette game had started for her again. Carrying three months' of unborn life inside, she knelt over a husband with a bullet through his brain.

She fought off the first doctor to arrive and the ambulance drivers who wanted to lift him away. They couldn't convince her that Robert Kennedy was still alive. Kennedys don't fade away. They live full and die fast and brutally.

The history explains many things. How, for instance, the wife of a man accused of being totally consumed by his drive to the presidency could sit on a campaign plane returning from crushing defeat in Oregon and tell a joke to a football player's wife moments after they handed her the figures. It was 10 p.m. on primary night in the chartered AstroJet over California, too early in New York for network television to broadcast the immediate reactions to defeat. Dick Tuck, the zany among the campaign aides, had arranged the timing that way, but there was no need. Chief campaign manager Fred Dutton came back to Ethel, who was, as usual, seated among newsmen and friends swapping non-stop repartee over a Scotch and water. He

lowered a manila folder in front of her. Scrawled on it was: 19% of vote in. McCarthy 45. Kennedy 36.

Ethel Kennedy looked up at Dutton. "It doesn't look good," he said.

"It doesn't look good?" she repeated. The dignified political professional moved his lips silently. "We're beat."

Mrs. Kennedy leaned back in her seat. For less than a moment her head faced forward, the girlishly flipped hair she herself had washed that day stopped moving and you could see the brightness in the cheeks for what it was: skin chafed raw from riding up to 21 hours at a stretch over five straight days through wet and windy Oregon, while beside her husband on top of a never-closed convertible.

"It's too bad," she said to the air. The next moment she was consoling her seat partner, Terry Baker, and laughing about sending a bomb into Oregon and leaning over to Dick Tuck who had started chanting the parochial school marching song "Catholic Action." Ethel laughed. The Senator came back to her from his private section in shortsleeves, looking bemused.

"Hey, how can you look so happy after what's happened?" she said lightly.

"Because I had such a good day."

"... She was terrified of flying, often clutched



That afternoon, the crowds of Mexican-Americans and mariachi bands at Oxnard Airport had formed so thick and invisible a whirlpool about Kennedy that he was almost lost. Only bodyguard Bill Barry managed to cling to him and wave above the sea of heads drowning the flat airstrip, until they hit against a photographer's car and the candidate was thrust inside. Newsmen were lost, children hurt and crying on car tops, and the getaway across a railroad track with 20 yards between the motorcade and an uncrushing train was pure James Bond. It had been dangerous.

But now, in the plane, Kennedy answered his wife "... a good day." He said it with honest exhilaration and leaned over to finger the Mexican beads the crowd had given Ethel.

"How do you like your beads?" he asked, flashing her the unforgettable smile they share. Big, blunt, uncontrollable, made of common Irish teeth. She smiled it back with the things that are Ethel Kennedy: the wit and mischief and cheerleader exuberance, the courage in moments that count and the innocence of her comments, so disarmingly honest that she is terrified of giving speeches and grants no interviews.

Tuck leans over to answer a report-

er's question on how Mrs. Kennedy is taking the Oregon defeat. "She knows about adversity. She may even have had as much adversity as you. This is peanuts."

One of Ethel's wifely traditions was to have the right quip at the right time to cheer up her husband. "She does it all the time," he said. This night alone with him in a car headed for the Benson Hotel to make a statement of defeat, she came up with, "Okay, the dog owners of Oregon didn't pull together." Well after midnight she was mixing drinks for newsmen and hugging them. Their fatigue concerned her.

Ethel Kennedy has in many ways always seemed super-human. Who produces ten children and maintains a perfect size eight figure? Who manages uncountable pets and ten children with one nurse and a governess and is said never to raise her voice? (Not even to an obstinate Newfoundland hound that after a dinner party is over and guests and staff are in bed and Ethel has tiptoed alone through Hickory Hill turning out lights, will sit by the open door and stare at her for seven silent minutes.) Who runs three homes and at age 40 skates, skis, swims, hikes, rides, runs rapids and looks as right in textured stockings and a mod raincoat as in a terrycloth shift and

sleeping bag on the banks of the Salmon River? It's not money. It's the bright side of Ethel Kennedy's personal arithmetic. She leaves academic math to the government's supervision — "It all goes sideways now; I never got it when it went straight" — but through staggering columns of friends, family, and happenings, she moves with the ease of a decimal point in long division.

Volunteers and press who surrounded her on campaigns inevitably repeated, "She's one of my favorite people." She is hardly seductive, yet worldly and virile men such as international correspondent Dan Wakefield reported being "bowled over by Ethel as a woman." And Olympics champion Rafer Johnson remarked, "She has all the femininity other women have forgotten." She could talk about "chowing down" or "splitting to South Dakota"; greet a formally-robed gentleman in the Odd Fellows' Home with "Hiyuh, I'm Bobby's wife" or ask Edward Albee to his face, "How can you write those horrible plays?" — and they would come back for more. Men of every age love her honesty. It is not learned. Ethel Kennedy is not cool or intellectual or even very polished. She is visceral. She is real.

She died a thousand deaths in cam-

his arm for support in take-off and landing ..."

paign airplanes. Two of them occurred on the same flight to Los Angeles, during the first interview she had dared. First another plane glided several hundred yards below the wing.

"Oh my God," said Mrs. Kennedy, "he went right under us." She pressed the small pillow over her stomach and though Dick Tuck tried to joke it off, she insisted he check with the pilot. Had she been sitting forward, Ethel might have reached across the aisle to grip her husband's arm as she often did during take-offs and landings. For this landing she was on her own. In a rush to make the Senator's national press conference, the pilot abruptly plummeted the aircraft 1000 feet to squeeze between two other arriving planes. This time Ethel saw the ground coming up and screamed, "Oh no, are we making a pass?" The eyes shuttered closed and the hands clutched at Bill Barry on one side and this reporter on the other. When the airplane bounced down hard, Ethel Kennedy's body did a full jack-knife.

She froze when her husband walked through angry rifle-toting Oregonians to debate the gun sale issue. She would shout at Barry or Rafer Johnson, when the Senator stood up on the trunk of the moving Mercury convertible, "Hold him!" Her face, habitually a sunburst, went honestly sad when she was asked if she saw much of the Senator alone. "No, really not. Our life goes in cycles, always has. Like now, he hasn't been home since March 16 except for two Sundays." She was talking that day, May 29, about a man who had scarcely seen his home and children in two and a half months, and was headed for a bullet before he would go home again.

Mrs. Kennedy flew on planes and brushed against guns and dove into crowds in that special condition of third month pregnancy which every mother knows about because her husband wanted to be president and this wife wanted him to have what he wanted: "That's what this is all about," she would say almost impatiently. Her courage was inspiring but her fears were simple fact. The probability was that Ethel Kennedy was going to lose a husband.

The history explains another night Ethel Kennedy was observed weaving through the complex terrors and joys that alternated, like slalom poles, through her days on the campaign trail. Why she came off the plane radiant, the night of a \$100-a-seat gala in Los Angeles, and why she went into the gala drawn and depressed. It was bodyguard Bill Barry's birthday. With an hour at the end of her last Oregon campaign day to eat and dress before taking off for L. A., she dashed out to a health food store to buy

Beet Root Juice, Fig Pep and Tiger's Milk for gifts, had a three-foot square cake iced with caricatures of Bobby and Bill, bought balloons and crepe paper and directed decoration of the plane, and collected poems and songs from newsmen. The party was such a success that the crowd gathered at little West Imperial Airport with their Aloha Tours badges almost missed their Hawaiian vacation, waiting a half-hour for the Kennedy plane to empty after arrival.

Ethel finally emerged, resplendent in a white Courreges evening coat. Although clothes and galas are not really her thing, thoughtful surprises for her friends are.

From there her mood, and the Senator's changed drastically.

Coming into the Los Angeles Sports Arena, Kennedy's head hung forward. Face swollen, eyes hung on hammocks of flesh, he moved like a projectile. Unsmiling.

Five tots called the Pierce Sisters were singing Beale rock. Then Gene Kelly, Alan King and Mahalia Jackson came on. Outside, Dick Tuck was saying, "Terrible, isn't it? The Senator's pretty peed; he's ready to leave. We've got a much better gala going on the plane." Then it was time for Kennedy to go down into the pit, under the spotlights, and talk up to 14,000 faces he couldn't see. Galas were not his thing either.

He pulled his wife down the aisle three seats before Ethel balked. She sat down. He went on alone and told the stand-up comedian jokes his speechwriters had prepared, because that's what you do at a gala. Only in the middle, when he spoke tensely of Mississippi Delta children and Mexican-Americans and Indians and the Vietnam dead, did it come out right, because these were things he cared about. "So do not ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee," he said. The gala thousands went silent.

Ethel Kennedy's Miss Perpetual Animation label had dropped off that night. In this arena, the Democratic Convention once gave a presidential nomination to another Kennedy, who was shot dead.

"I felt it that night," she later recalled. "I couldn't help remembering. It was 1960, but it seems so recent. Oh I wish . . ."

Soon the smile comes back and she is talking about Bobby. "And didn't you think he was moving when he spoke that night?"

Back on the plane Mrs. Kennedy immediately led off a songfest with "Onward Christian Soldiers." Campaign folksingers John Stewart and Buffy whanged out all the patriotic-ecumenical songs they knew, while the pretty American Airlines stewardesses changed the

Senator's bed and waited, along with everyone else, for the most important passenger to arrive. Two hours later, at 3:30 a.m., Robert Kennedy came down the aisle from a TV dubbing session, his formal shirt unbuttoned, his black tie hanging. In his mouth was a burned-out cigar. A stewardess brought him Scotch. He sat on the arm rest in the aisle across from the folksingers and asked for "We Shall Overcome" and then "Hymn to Young People." He kept drawing on the dead cigar, sometimes singing, sometimes leaning his head on the hand that held the Scotch while his brilliant eyes seemed to rove planets away. Later he asked the folksinger Buffy to sit in the aisle, next to him. Now and then his hand would absently pick up a strand of Buffy's long taffy-colored hair. It was a characteristic moment. The melancholy flitting through joy, the distance and the need for closeness, the complete Irishness. Ethel left him alone, because that was where he needed to be.

It was impossible to travel with the Kennedys and not to like them. They were passionate people with passionate friends. Ethel was always accompanied by at least one "pal"—Mrs. Jim Whittaker, wife of Kennedy's mountain climbing partner; Mrs. Dean Markham, widow of Kennedy's Harvard roommate; Mrs. John Glenn, or a relative from Ireland. The husbands helped Bill Barry break crowds, as did newsmen when the going was rough. The Kennedys' friendliness was immediate and almost indiscriminate, but their friendship came hard and ran deep.

This is because of things people on the other side of TV sets would never believe. That Robert and Ethel Kennedy were shy. That they were simple. That they dealt from the heart more than mind and their convictions about this country were as solid as their friendships, because both came out of emotion. Another unknown was the humor; hers mischievous, his more wry even than his brother's, colored as it was by the energy and sharpened by the fatalism. After a few days on campaign, a skeptical correspondent from Dublin pronounced: "He's an exquisite human being. They don't deserve him. Americans have no sense of humor."

But so many people didn't know the Kennedys and felt some kind of mistrust, or inarticulate hatred that always began, "I can't explain it, but . . ." Anyone who watched him up close, sleeping on the floor of a plane with the dog Freckles under his chin, who saw his stubby hands turn soft as they reached through a fence to touch crippled children, or who watched him break out of a motorcade into a black barber shop or pool hall to ask a hundred questions and down an

unscheduled brew, or walk into an Odd Fellows Home and think first of turning off the photo lamps because old people's eyes strain easily. And anybody who saw Ethel laugh and cry for him could no longer be objective.

On the stump the cheers were always louder when they went out than when they came in. The fact was that Robert Kennedy wasn't John and Ethel wasn't Jacqueline, and to show what they *were*, they understood what had to be done. And that is why they went straight to the people.

Each Kennedy spoke separately about the other's strengths and fears, but seldom broached the topics in each other's presence. The arithmetic seemed too obviously inevitable. Ethel probably knew it and kept her faith. Robert knew it and kept his fatalism.

In separate interviews their comments went like this: *Did Mrs. Kennedy have any influence over your decision to go for the presidency?*

RFK: Oh yes, she encouraged me. Last night she was so tired. I told her she told me to do it. Now she can't complain when it's so hard and I'm away so much.

The Senator says you're the aide who encouraged him to run.

Ethel: Oh no, he doesn't listen to me. That's Fred (Dutton) and Jim (McManus).

Do you like campaigning?

RFK: I'd rather be home, or anywhere else. That being touched all the time, I don't like it. But people can hear everything about a candidate, and it's the touching him they never forget."

How do you take it?

RFK: I remove myself. My mind is somewhere else a lot of the time. Is yours?

Do you mind the crowds?

Ethel: Crowds don't bother me as long as those big men are around. I worry for him.

Do you share your husband's fatalism?

Ethel: We only have one time through. We might as well make the most of every step.

Do you encourage Mrs. Kennedy to speak?

RFK: No. She's terribly shy. They love her anyway.

Do you discuss your fears with the Senator?

Ethel: Never. I couldn't say a word. It's amazing how he can talk about those things he feels so much, gun control and the rest. I couldn't say a word.

Once, when we were flying, a DC-3 came straight at us while Robert Kennedy talked, and ducked under our plane's wings just as another plane had done in the flight with Ethel. The man

didn't flinch. He looked out of his window and said, "Here they come!" and somebody else said "How come the pilot yelled 'Bonza!' as he passed?" and everyone laughed. The next day newspapers said America almost lost a presidential candidate in an air disaster. They were a week early and had the wrong weapon.

As that plane's motors cut back for a landing in the northern gorge that is Roseburg, Oregon, one of the Senator's aides handed him a briefing sheet on the city.

Population: 15,000

Principal Industry: lumbering, mining, agriculture.

Major Local Issues: gun control, log exports, dams.

Halfway down the sheet, two lines jumped out in boldface capitals:

LOCAL SHERIFF CAUTIONS THERE MAY BE AN AIRPORT DEMONSTRATION BY OPPONENTS OF GUN CONTROL LEGISLATION.

"That doesn't sound good," a reporter remarked.

"I couldn't care less," said Robert Kennedy. And he went back to talking of his own children and of the young campaigners for Senator McCarthy.

"He (McCarthy) is lucky to have them," said Kennedy. "They work harder and stay up when he sleeps and he won't read up on the issues they care about. They need somebody to believe in. Maybe it's not me but they need somebody. It's terribly important."

The Senator passed cold sausages to reporters and Freckles out of a foil bag they had given him at the previous breakfast meeting. Then he stepped off the plane at Roseburg, where he was greeted by professionally lettered beaverboard placards which said: PROTECT YOUR RIGHT TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS. He stood in the sun on the courthouse steps and asked someone to come up and explain the issue to him. He listened quietly and when it came his turn to speak, he reasoned with them.

"Nobody's going to take your guns away. All we're talking about is that a person who's insane or seven years old or is mentally defective or has a criminal record be kept from purchasing a gun by mail order."

The men in plaid wool shirts waved their placards. Kennedy kept on, quietly.

"If someone sent a gun to a man on Death Row in Kansas, he could receive it. It happened. Does that make sense? All we're saying is when someone purchases a gun by mail he must be competent to handle it." There was no hitch in the voice or flicker in the smile. "So protect your right to keep and bear arms," he told them. "The legislation doesn't stop you unless you're a criminal."

In the end the men with the signs cheered him.

Women on the campaign trail universally warmed to Ethel Kennedy. "Cute" and "Adorable" they would call her. They could identify with her. "Ethel's more for home, Jacqueline was for the world," they would say, as a compliment. At a rally in Eugene, Oregon, over a thousand people waited two hours in a stifling hall just to walk across a stage and shake Bobby's and Ethel's hands. The women came away touching their pearls and holding chiffon scarfs to their lips and the men said, "Jeeminy crackers" and everyone walked out a little higher, as people do when touched by royalty. Mrs. Lee Cupp, the nightwatchman's wife, swung her crutch through the crowd like a war veteran, then climbed the stairs on her one leg so she could come back to tell her husband in the straw hat and suspenders — who had said "Kennedys are too high class for me" — that "it's all right, Lee. I like them because they're common."

The women also said mothers felt Ethel was their friend. Yet the Kennedy's ten children posed a real enigma. So many wondered why such a large family. Some people argued it was a bad example for population control and others seemed to think it showed lack of sophistication. Perhaps now they will understand.

In 1964 Robert Kennedy said as he came away from the hospital bed of his youngest brother, Edward, who was recovering from a near-fatal air crash, "I guess the only reason we survive is that there are too many of us."

Perhaps the children are there to thwart the inexorable Kennedy math. Ten births, eight deaths. Even now, Ethel Kennedy is two and one-third up on life.



The Last Happy Days at Hickory Hill

Text by Peter Maas



At early mass in church near McLean, Virginia home.

It was a hot, sunny weekend in April, just before Indiana, the last carefree time he would have at home with his family. Sunday began, as always, with early mass at St. Luke's, about two miles down a winding country road in McLean, Virginia. But even this little church was touched with tragedy for Robert Francis Kennedy. It was there that the services were held a year and a half ago for his friend, perhaps his closest friend, Dean Markham, who had been killed in an airplane crash together with his brother-in-law, Ethel Kennedy's brother, George Skakel.

Sunday was always a special day for Robert Kennedy. It was the day, above all days, that he preserved for his children. It was the day you could be sure to find him at Hickory Hill, the sprawling 18th-century country home, with its sweeping lawns and frenetic activity; the home that his brother, the president, had lived in before him. So again, the air was filled with sorrowful memories as well as joy. Now the campaign would keep him away, and he would never come back.

In last group picture taken with his children (and Newfoundland dog Brumus), Robert Kennedy poses before oak tree that was used as the goal line in family football games. Baby in his arms is 14-month-old Douglas.







Robert Kennedy literally lived for his children, the ten who adored him, and the one he will never see. One never ceased to be amazed by the time he had for each, the compassion and the tenderness and the understanding he gave to them. His political enemies liked to call him "ruthless." I asked him once if it ever bothered him. "No," he said. "I don't mind for myself. It bothers me though, sometimes, when I think of my children reading things like that."

Passing, running with the ball, or lunging to tag a runner, as he does here with his 10-year-old son Michael, Robert Kennedy characteristically went all out in family football game.







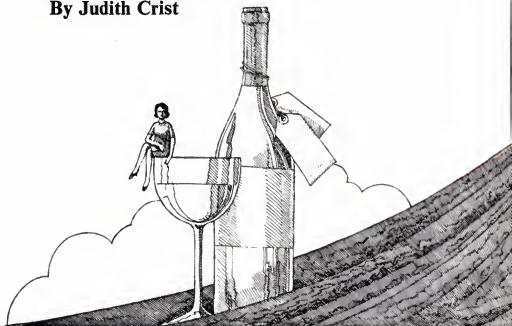


Always, at some moment, Robert Kennedy would come off the tennis court, or up from the pool, or down from the house where he had been working, and he would stand in the middle of the lawn and he would shout, "All right, who has the ball?" They would all magically appear, running or toddling, and they would all play. Everyone would get the ball and everyone would score a touchdown. There was always a game of one sort or another going on at Hickory Hill, but this one was for the children, and it was the best time.

Last romp with his 3-year old son Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy, ends with embrace between father and son. (Above) The little boy is left alone to play by himself.

The Muscatel for the Chablis

By Judith Crist



"... 'Rosemary's Baby' was the ultimate horror novel about the ghoul next door, but the film overlooks character for effect . . ."

It's Auteur Time in Shadowland and the sad news on the cinematic front is that European talents still don't travel well. "Well" is a key word there. I mean, to palates jaded, if not tainted, by domestic stuff, the newest products by imported talent are adequate, even pleasant at moments, but the bouquet seems to have acquired a blandness and the subtle little message has vanished.

It took the great Southwest and the vast budget and the Wallace-Becry-bred gringo-Meheecan brand of clichés, we were noting recently, to stifle in *The Appaloosa* and *Blue* whatever skills Sidney J. Furie and Silvio Narizzano were able to show with bravura and finesse in *The Ipcress File* and *Georgie Girl*. It's not quite so simple to see what has happened to the special and originally original talents of Roman Polanski and Richard Lester, whose *Rosemary's Baby* and *Petulia* have come out of the 'west as the first Hollywood-based products of these two Europeans. You can at least endure these films even under non-airconditioned circumstances; our cinematic lives seem more and more devoted these days to enduring the beautiful color film, much in the manner of the wino who settles down with the cheap muscatel and benumbs himself. Just remember that the tongue is eventually injured to the tang of the chilled chablis. For those of us rejecting the quantitative mediocrity-induced numbness and still seeking out, let alone hoping for, that particular flavor, that special vintage and vantage point—ah well, the endurance is not easy.

Anticipating Polanski's film version of

Rosemary's Baby was pleasurable for familiars of the Ira Levin novel. The young Pole, who skimmed the "civilized" surface of vicious human encounter and displayed a brilliant camera eye in *Knife in the Water*, had not entirely lived up to our expectations as he moved west. Even in Britain, though, his camera eye never faltered: *Repulsion* was basically voyeurism but its visualizations of the distorted and disintegrating mind were quite literally stunning; *Cul de Sac* was a freak show and *The Vampire Killers* a bad joke gone worse, but their cinematic virtues could not be denied. Under the disciplines of the Levin book, with William Castle (perhaps the best of our native horror-movie men) as producer, we felt that Polanski might bring not only his own style but also that subtlety he first displayed (not only in *Knife* but also in several shorts, chief among them *Two Men and a Wardrobe*) to make something very special of this story.

The Levin story had the surface ingredients of the satisfying thriller in involving a young "sophisticated" couple with witches in Manhattan, sticking to the sound presumption that the ultimate horror story is elementally that of the ghoul next door, the monster on the prowl among us in broad daylight. But Levin, as he had in *A Kiss Before Dying*, went beyond the mere mechanics of the thriller for depth, for that psychological probe of the roots of everyday horror. Like every truly satisfying story, his could be taken on a secondary level, involving the terrors of a young woman made rootless in the big city by cutting herself off from family and religion,

leaving herself to nightmares of a Catholic girlhood denied, nightmares that thrive during pregnancy, let alone during marriage to a self-centered actor.

What we're left with on screen is a pedantic and slavish re-telling of the tale, strangely attenuated (running 135 minutes) but with elisions that will frustrate those familiar with the nuances of the novel and ellipses that will simply confuse those who do not know the book. Cinematic style boils down to below-the-waist photography (for a while one seems in a world inhabited by the headless); details abound but not to cumulative effect; the major excitement—and certainly it is a splendid scene—is not in the sunlit terror but in the near-escape and recapture of the victim. Mia Farrow is no longer the literate conscience-wracked heroine; she is the baby-doll victim, and a monotonous one at that. Nor is John Cassevetes allowed to establish himself as the man who might, let alone does, sell a body, if not a soul, to the Devil. And even Ruth Gordon, certainly the most effectively self-conscious among a cast of self-conscious players (though we are grateful for the very sight, let alone sound, of Elisha Cook or Patsy Kelly or Phil Leeds), wears thin. The fault ultimately is in the Polanski screenplay which overlooks character for effect, disastrously. Involvement is absent; all is surface and it is a smooth one, without the shimmer of the evil that is within. The lack is perhaps epitomized by the ad campaign for the film: "Pray for Rosemary's Baby." But Rosemary's baby is, after all, the Devil's spawn; does one pray for the



son of Satan? Indeed not; one prays for the offspring of poor dear put-upon Mia Farrow, that soft-eyed skinny little wisp of womanhood. And that's where Polanski has failed us.

To digress, with thoughts of Polanski's initial demonstration of potential, we would direct you to Marco Bellocchio's first film, made before *China Is Near*, which we found a "young man's film" in its suggested perceptions and sensitivities in dissecting political and social corruptions in a provincial-town setting. His earlier film, *First in His Pocket*, is equally promising, a Gothic tale of a disintegrating family wracked with physical and psychological decay. Madness and murder, inversion and perversion are carried to almost ludicrous proportions but Bellocchio never loses control of a manner or a mood and there are a number of superb performers on hand to enforce the validity of the film. (With it too is an interesting five-minute visualization of Pete Seeger's *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* by Warren Forman, entitled *Offspring*, worth noting particularly because of a double credit at the end for the source of the war-victim photographs used.)

Richard Lester's *Petulia* is a greater disappointment than the Polanski film because Lester is concerned with serious stuff, with that chance encounter in time and place that makes a mark upon us, with the conjunction of characters in an excruciating intimacy that is physically fleeting and emotionally everlasting. At the heart of his film is a meaningful contemporary theme: a grown-up man in the throes of emotional upheaval, an immature woman trying to change the pattern she has given her life, their inability to break their personal molds, their resort to separate lives of compromise. This, I

hasten to emphasize, is what I suspect lies at the heart of *Petulia*, what George C. Scott, who moves through the film with a startling integrity, is suggesting and what Julie Christie is supposedly indicating. Lester himself offers small help, for this film makes it even clearer than did *How I Won the War* that this British director is becoming a captive of his style and devoting himself to exploiting it for its own sake. What has happened to him is epitomized for me in a recent commercial he made for a powdered drink: a dashing bit of film, full of startling rocking twanging swingers in dazzling colors—but the what or why or wherefore of the product remains a mystery to me. Has it happened—or was it that the initial Lester impact in *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* was a coincidence of material and style, as were the effective and admittedly brilliant moments of *How I Won the War*? Certainly in the last we saw the triple fallacy—the "wrong" war picked for satirizing, the assumption that being against war is sufficient unto itself (let alone a startling stand) and the ultimate satirization not of war itself but of war movies.

One can find two initial surface flaws in *Petulia*: Julie Christie is completely miscast (or totally inadequate for the task at hand, a suspicion we are almost sentimentally trying to fend off), thereby weakening the essence of the thesis, and the thesis has been left to fend for itself while Mr. Lester indulges in a stylized passion for San Francisco, strictly from a tourist viewpoint. All is location, all is mod mood and the disappointment is bitter.

Petulia could be more easily dismissed were it not for Scott's remarkable presence, for the searing honesty that Shirley Knight brings to too few scenes, for the flesh-and-blood moments offered by Ar-

thur Hill and, somehow surprisingly because of his bland handsomeness, Richard Chamberlain. All these function, however, around Miss Christie, slung right off the bat into that old "kook" cliché (the madcap in evening gown who steals tubas in the middle of the night, who talks sexy and is an innocent, who whimsically helps herself to a human stray in Tijuana and transports him to San Francisco). Miss Christie, whose "look" has now been commercialized to a point where only performance can restore her identity, is not a madcap; the lines and supposedly non-conformist situations are there, but she is a somber and a sober girl, unable to communicate the intrigue that must infatuate or the pathos that must reach the adult heart. If only—and here we go again, fending off suspicions—if only she were given a continuum in which to function she might achieve an effect—but Mr. Lester is so concerned with the scene and the society, with the flashback and the memory moment and the cheap visual joke that she is fragmented beyond significance and our involvement does not go beyond eye level. And this is to be regretted, for Scott captures the well-married man's malaise, Miss Knight the female's happy-marriage mystique, Chamberlain the physical man's inhibition as they have seldom been contained with subtle economy on the screen.

Consider instead the stylistic purpose of Alain Robbe-Grillet's *L'Immortelle*, his first film as writer-director, wherein the fragments of memory come to a stunning total. At base there is a fleeting love affair in an exotic setting, a strange and suspenseful affair whose mystery is in the eye of the beholder, the mood of the "narrator" and the heart of the lover. The blend of style and theme result in an exciting and haunting film.

Pat McCormick Has an Almost Childlike Lack of Inhibition

By Janet Coleman

"...With or without his pants, he is always on time for his appointments. He laughs respectfully at bad jokes. 'Last St. Patrick's Day I chased the snakes out of Central Park Zoo.'..."

Pat McCormick was joining a few friends for a Memorial Day revel at Fellini, an Italian restaurant and bocce palace on Thomson Street. The waiters eagerly were asking for "Your tall friend, the big man," when a big man walked through the door wearing his habitual holiday carnation and a flowered satin tie. "I just came from my job as pall-bearer at a gay funeral," Pat announced, waving to the table.

Actually, he had been in Cypress Gardens, finishing the shooting script of Johnny Carson's Florida special. Before that he said he had stopped in Sarasota, where the circus people live. "I went to the wedding of the tallest man and the shortest woman. She didn't like the way he said 'I do,' so she jumped up and bit his ankle." And now he was being rammed from behind by a waiter carrying a tray of empty goose-necked Chianti bottles to the kitchen. McCormick peered over his shoulder and down at the waiter. The waiter nodded brightly. "Get back on your wedding cake," McCormick said. He hung his trench-coat on a wall-hook, and leaned in towards the table. "That guy tried to kill me. Did you see those rhinoceros suppositories?"

Pat McCormick is 6 foot 7, looks like Orson Welles as a leprechaun, and says he can match the average person's weight with just the pocket tonnage of his notebooks and cigars. His friend Jack Burns (of Burns and Schreiber) refers to him as "House" McCormick. "But when I get up in the morning I'm not this big until I sit on the airhorse. At night I lie flat on my pillow."

For the waiters he was the night's special. The last time he ate dinner at Fellini he caused an alarm on the bocce court by shaming his friends into protecting a lady who had been too long in the powder room, and was being attacked, he said, by a pack of 60-year-old Italian athletes. The men had risen as a body from the table and rushed to the backroom. Disappointed by

the neighborly dragoons in the alley, they returned to find McCormick hiding under the table guarding the wine bottles, inconspicuous as a cat against the moon.

Pat McCormick had come from Rocky River Ohio. His mother was a social worker; his father a salesman, erstwhile reporter and author of *The History of the Bomber Plant*. "It would never have occurred to my parents to think of anything we did as too outrageous. Even the dog ate a radio and chewed away a third of a barn. My mother was funny, my father was funny, my sister was funny, and I was funny." And recently he overheard his five year old son Ben at prayers saying, "Thank you God for making me silly."

Giants apparently can only gather steam. In 1955 McCormick was selling ad space in Chicago when he was introduced to Jonathan Winters. Mutual craziness magnetized them. With an instant knack

for feeding Winters mad improvisational situations, McCormick began to moonlight for him week-ends and on holidays. Each time Winters was called to New York to replace Jack Paar on the *Tonight* show, McCormick re-arranged his vacation to join him as his writer. The Paar show was a turning point in both of their careers. Winters became a national celebrity, and Paar invited McCormick to write for *Tonight*. Since then, McCormick has written for virtually every comedian on television.

In his relatively short life in show business he has acquired a six-figure salary and great stature, to put it mildly, among his colleagues. "Pat has an almost childlike lack of inhibition . . . and a demented mind," says Johnny Carson, "I find him fascinating." Dick Cavett, whose other favorites are Groucho and Jack Benny, says, "Pat's mind takes turns that no one else would dream of. I can't count the times I've laughed myself sick listening to him. He has a comic genius."

But on Memorial Day McCormick, rolling a scallion into his bread, was less interested in eulogies from the Friars' Club than in his flowered necktie: "It was a perfectly ordinary tie until Truman Capote puked on it."

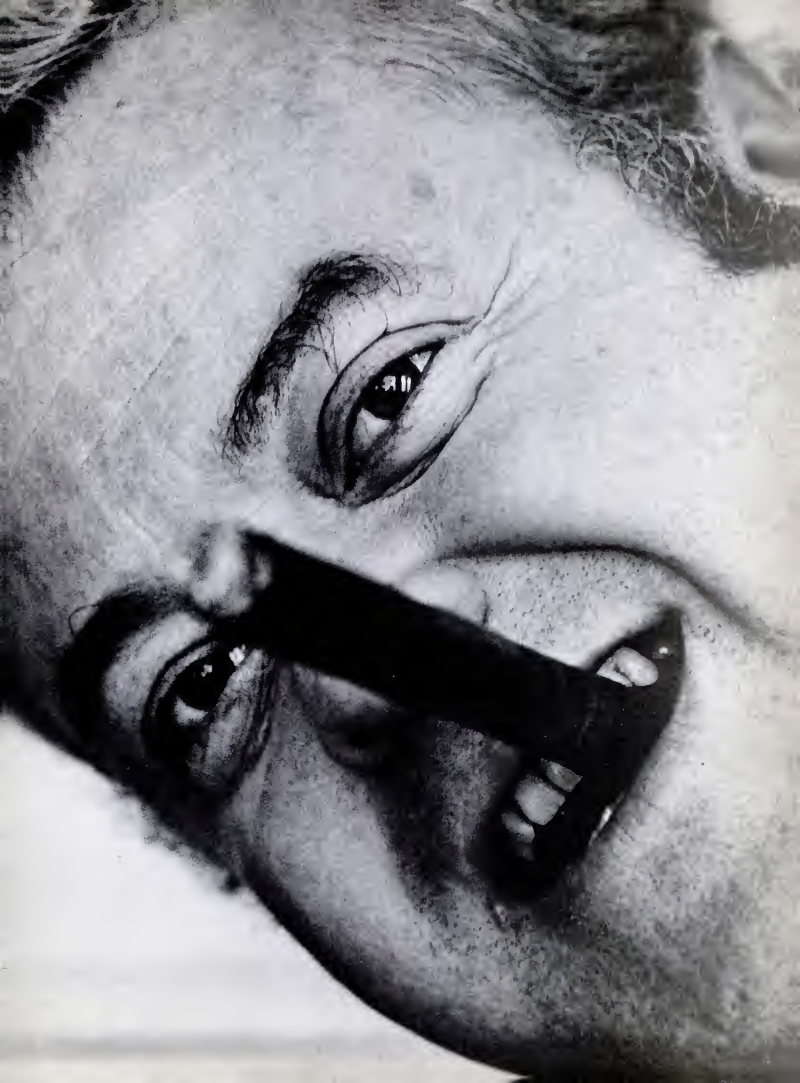
Before Pat's arrival everyone had been trying to decipher what he had said under the bleep when a bunch of cigars accidentally cascaded out of his pocket on the Johnny Carson Show.

He remembered instantly. "I said 'Cuban vomit.'"

McCormick ate an olive. Then he roared, as if finally satisfied that his joke on the networks was a good one. When the antipasto came around again, he grabbed a handful of radishes, shook them like dice, and as they rolled across the table for the win shouted, "Howard Hughes on a vegetable farm. Hah!" He gathered back the radishes, plugged a fistful to his mouth, and sent them gushing to



McCormick, "Orson Welles as a leprechaun."



“... He held up an olive. ‘Michael Dunn’s bowling ball!’ . . .”

his plate. “A truck farmer with a bad cough.”

McCormick laughed the loudest, but once more rified through the salad. “Michael Dunn’s bowling ball,” he said and ate the last black olive.

“You can never accuse Pat of doing mother-in-law jokes,” a friend says. Conventional premises are so foreign to him that, even by default, he would be able to stretch the range of funny possibilities for the stars he writes for. He has succeeded in making even Roy Rogers come off funny. Still, a writer has more license with his material if he performs it himself. So McCormick also performs. Being in the spotlight is still something of a lark for him because “I haven’t been in it long enough to take it seriously.”

For all his seeming nonchalance, however, he is pleased about the barrage of fan mail his “Wrinkle City” jokes receive from old folks’ homes. He chews himself out if his performance isn’t up to par. He reminds himself that “I’m very rarely at a loss for a line. But if I get stuck I can always go into Jack Benny: ‘Rahchester, stop dancing with Dennis and get oh-ver here!’” And he will watch a Bob Hope monologue with cool discriminating eyes and a wide open mouth, sighing when it’s over. “But I sure do admire his delivery.”

The waiter arrived at last with the pasta. “Last time you were here you had hair on your head, shorty,” McCormick pointed out. The waiter grinned and handed him some grated cheese. “What is it you do to the food?” Pat asked, glancing across the room at a tiny man in a wheelchair trying to gobble spaghetti. “That guy was as tall as I was when he walked in here.” Midgets, strangely, seem to have a knack for appearing in McCormick’s presence. “I have the natural affinity big people feel towards small people,” he shrugged. “There’s one thing we have in common: some day both of us are going to meet our P. T. Barnum.”

At the sound of laughter, the people at the wheelchair table turned, and except for a fat lady dolled up in hounds’ tooth, all smiled broadly. “Last Halloween,” McCormick said, “I got dressed up as Kate Smith’s brassiere and was arrested during a shoot-up as the moon came over her mountain.” The fat lady looked up with interest, the hounds’ tooth bosom gently dipping into her clam sauce. Pat raised his hand to her in salute. “If you fall down, we’re playing checkers on your coat!”

McCormick’s gift for improvising once turned into a 60-man parade that followed him for blocks as he called out one-liners to the passing traffic. For the same gift he also gets top billing on an annual New Year’s Day party given by a writer friend, Joe DiMona. At 5 P.M. every January 1, after an cappella bawdy song by the toastmaster Malachi McCourt, the tavern

keeper and professional Irishman, Pat appears on a piano stool as the Baby New Year, dressed only in a towel and a golden paper crown, to make predictions for the future. Last year he predicted that David Merrick would have a hit. “But not on Broadway. He’s going to make it with his maid.” In the audience even David Merrick was not offended. No one ever is. “It’s that Irish face,” DiMona says. “It’s so cute and loveable. And the grotesque height. And the paunch. . . . I mean it isn’t like running into Wilt Chamberlain. Once he actually punched two cops and they refused to book him because they thought he was too funny.”

McCormick has a very Irish sense of ceremony, as crazy and traditional as a page out of *Ulysses*. With or without his pants, he arrives for all appointments as prompt and freshly shaven as a schoolboy. At all bad jokes he laughs respectfully, is chivalrous to ladies, and DiMona says he’ll show the town to any old buddy who passes through it. And he can’t ignore a holiday. For all of this, McCormick thinks he isn’t very Irish, conceding only “I’m gregarious. . . . I like to razz people. And I was best man eleven times.”

“Last St. Patrick’s Day, however, I got up early and chased the snakes out of Central Park Zoo.” Then he took his five-year-old son Ben to the parade. Pat wanted to set fire to a marching band to see if the fireman behind would break step, but Ben got too thirsty and wanted to join the boys at Weston’s, an Irish haunt on 56th Street where comedy writers gather at lunchtime. Sensing a celebration, Pat phoned up some civilians to join the reserves. “Weston’s at noon,” he told them. “We would make it Pavillon, but it’s too far from the bus stop.”

The boys were in the backroom, scrubbed and serious, not a stitch of Kelly green upon them. Each wore a suit, conservative and greenish grey, each had a hangerover, and each had sworn to last till midnight. In his sunglasses and Tony Galento accent, comic Jack Burns was already conducting a crooked labor meeting when Ben and his father arrived with a plastic green shillelagh the size of Ben.

“What have you got there, kid,” said Burns. “Come on, you can tell old Johnny Pucci.” Ben took a whack at Pucci’s brain plate and told him: “A stick.”

A horrified chorus of Jack Benny accents shouted, “For heaven’s sake, Pat. A stick! Tell him what it is!”

“What the hell,” Pat said to his son, “why should I lie to you. This is a phallic symbol.” Ben knew his beanstalks, whooped his father a good one, and ordered a glass of milk. Pat offered his son the miracle drinker’s pill “Sobretts,” but warned him it would make him shrink.

“Tonto,” Johnny Pucci said, “what have the boys done to Faye? She isn’t here yet.”

“Faye done away,” Pat replied, and jumped to the telephone to check out missing Irish. Malachi McCourt was still asleep, Richard Harris still asleep, Faye done away, was the report.

After the Tonto jokes* that followed, Ben decided not to spend “another million years” at Weston’s, and was escorted home to his mother. One of the two men named Morgan stood up, announced it “a sin for an Irishman to be indoors drinking on St. Patrick’s Day,” straightened his tie, and left to look at the parade. “A sin for an Irishman to be indoors drinking?” snorted Pat, and as the last man drinking beer, he switched to scotch and soda. The rest played Liar’s Poker.

Malachi, it turned out, did not show till after midnight, and by then most of the men had reluctantly disbanded onto Third Avenue with the straggling drumbeaters and marching bands. As last man out, McCormick held the bar door open for a passing nun.

With praying fingertips the waiter asked if the remaining stay-ups wanted something else. “Table not making the overhead, huh?” McCormick said, and ordered a half bottle of wine, corked. He and the man at the bar locked eyes. “Hiya,” said McCormick, “Hiya, sap. Congratulations. You’ve just been named Mister Sap of the Year. Mister Sappo.” Slowly a sappy smile spread over the man’s face. McCormick wagged a finger at him, “We wanted to do a death mass of you, but the wax said ‘No.’” He guffawed, “You old cocker.” And the man began to giggle.

They were both grinning, and Pat seemed very happy. A sappy drunk Sicilian could be a lot of fun even if he didn’t speak English, so long as he laughed back.

Out on Thompson Street there was a man walking a German shepherd. “Your poodle exploded,” the man was told, and watched McCormick sashay down the street.

A thinny party followed Pat onto the safety zone at Sixth Avenue and Bleeker. “Get off my barge,” he sang out to the passers-by. At the acute angle of the safety zone he hailed a cab, tired. Probably because his pockets were heavy with notebooks and cigars. Maybe even some leftover midgets from May Day when McCormick played the Maypole and they all had held the streamers.

*Tonto, what happened to Thomas’s son? I haven’t seen him lately.

Thomas et his son.

Tonto, how did John get Dean out of the bar?”

John carry Dean.

Tonto, why were Ben and Ellery rejected by the Army?”

Ben say and Ellery queen.

Tonto, what did Foot feel like when he got out of the shower?

Paul new man.

Tonto, can I borrow Hubert’s camel now?”

Hubert hump free.

Chinese Tonto, will J. Paul take my shirts out of the laundry?”

J. Paul getty.

Tonto, why aren’t the tigers in Nicholas’ front yard anymore?”

Nicholas eats in back.

Tonto, what does George do when his wife cheats on him?”

George burns.

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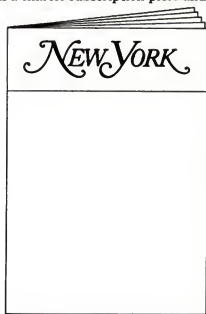
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Cunningham Here and There

By Marcia B. Siegel

"... His dancers, contained and confident, use space the way a swimmer uses water, a medium through which to achieve motion..."

Don't let anyone tell you Merce Cunningham's choreography has no content. Despite all the disclaimers, the talk of dada and "dance by chance," and the obvious fact that a Cunningham dance never has a plot or any identifiable characters, both kinesthetically and theatrically his work presents a point of view about the human condition. Or, as was demonstrated in the season of repertory recently completed at the Brooklyn Academy, two points of view.

Cunningham's outlook shifts from dark to light, from despair to a quiet kind of joy. His dark pieces seem to arise from the confinement and frustrations of the urban experience, while the light ones are expansive and athletic, like some of their titles: *Field Dances*, *Scramble*, the new *Walk-around Time*, and *How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run*.

The light pieces are anti-ballets. Cunningham's use of the balletic style is prominent in these works. Movement is often initiated in the limbs, with a correctly held torso following through. The body is often symmetrical, especially when the arms open out through space. But as if to make fun of any academic pretensions they might be displaying, the dancers will casually drop whatever they are doing and saunter offstage, or break up the pattern with sudden, large body changes. The dancers use space the way a swimmer uses water, as a medium through which to achieve locomotion. They are contained and confident, and they are neither apprehensive nor curious about their environment; they are masters of it, it does not penetrate them. In the lighter works the choreography brings pairs or groups of dancers together briefly, but as is literally true in *Field Dances*, they only touch each other lightly and then gyrate off again into their own orbits.

These works are collages in which each dancer goes through his movement combinations independently of the others. A Cunningham dance bears much repetition because of this—you can never assimilate all the movement in one viewing. Besides, the scenic, aural, and kinesthetic elements



Cunningham, Barbara Lloyd, Warhol prop.

of the collage never fall together the same way from one performance to another.

At times the resemblance to ballet is even more pronounced. Twice in *Walk-around Time* everyone leaves the stage, the music stops, and in a fanfare of silence Carolyn Brown performs a solo of enormous technical virtuosity. In *Scramble* and *Suite for Five*, she and Cunningham have duets that are possibly the nearest equivalent to the ballet pas de deux in modern dance, complete with poses, lifts, and pleasantly competitive solos.

These all-outdoors pieces often have improvisatory elements that contribute to their mood of relaxation and self-confidence. *Walk-around Time* has a long pause which might be the break between a dance class and a rehearsal, when the dancers do exactly what dancers do when they are given a few moments rest in the studio—they chat, they go over their parts, they do a few stretches to keep warmed up. In *Variations V* there are moments of play with a rubber plant, a bicycle, and a mat wired for sound, on which Cunningham works out—primarily, it seems, for the pleasure of the bizarre noises he can produce.

The setting for *Variations V* is provided by six projections at once, showing in rapid juxtaposition scenes of war, food, politicians, dancers, riots, trees, prize fights, and many other things, together with a cacophony of electronic, instrumental and vocal sound. This environment parallels the clashing tempos of modern life, fragmentary, irrational, and racketing by at a deafening speed. Yet through all this the dancers remain serene. In *How To* . . . John Cage reads doll stories to amuse the audience, but the dancers smile for the pure enjoyment of their own movement. *Nocturnes*, like its Erik Satie score, is beguiling, moonlit, and gently surrealistic. The dancers give no sign that their zany costumes and deranged poses are anything unusual.

In Cunningham's dark pieces, *Winter-branch*, *Place*, the new *RainForest*, and his own solos, *Untitled* and *Collage III*, man

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The Long Square Summer

By Alan Rich

“... It is not a festival to transport the most shopworn parts of the repertory out of town and give them a summer rerun . . .”

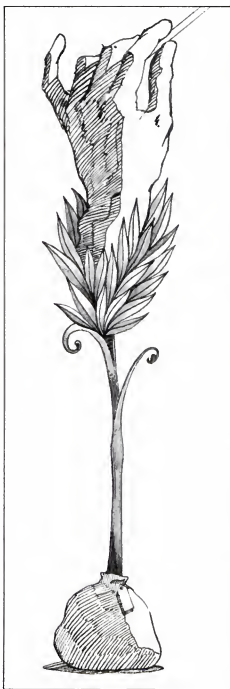
There are two things you can do this summer if you want to hear some interesting, important and stimulating music. Either you can go really far away—Edinburgh or Bayreuth or Salzburg—or you can stay right here in New York and the immediate vicinity. As for the middle distance, forget it.

Once there was a great middle-distance monolith that did much to make midsummer musically meaningful. In the days of the late Serge Koussevitzky, Tanglewood was a festival in every sense of the word, a place where new music was regularly presented, both by the Boston Symphony and the other performing forces that clustered about it in that near-paradise in the Berkshire Hills. Maybe Koussevitzky's conception of the “new” was a basically conservative one, involved more with the likes of Copland, Shostakovich and Britten, but at least his conception of a summer festival was as an event to honor something of the current creative process.

Look at this summer's Tanglewood programs. The season has grown, from three weeks in the '40s to eight. But the expansion has been quantitative. Some typical programs: Bizet-Strauss-Rachmaninoff; Berlioz-Ravel-Tchaikovsky; three Brahms programs (Koussevitzky did them too, but often at least introduced some new performers in them). There isn't a single novelty among 24 programs; even the one conducted by Aaron Copland has as its longest piece that composer's *Billy the Kid*. For shame!

Across the hills at Saratoga, the picture is hardly brighter; there is a premiere, Ginastera's *Psalm 150*, but that is hardly enough to offset Mozart-Rachmaninoff-Grieg, all-Tchaikovsky or Three B's. And, before the Philadelphia Orchestra and its conductor get there to unpack its worn-out baggage, there is a month of the New York City Ballet in the oldest and most familiar part of its repertory.

In other words, the two largest, best-heeled, most famous music festivals in the Northeast have lost the right to be considered festivals at all. It is not a festival



to transport the safest and most shopworn parts of an orchestra's winter repertory into an attractive out-of-town setting and give them a summer rerun. It has gotten to the point where summer music in many places is just about as stimulating as summer television, and for the same reasons.

It can be argued, of course, that the mere fact of familiarity in a piece of music does not alter its stature. It can be argued with equal force that summer musical events, because of their external attractions and greater seating capacity, draw audiences including many people who don't get to hear this same music in live performances during the winter. But I don't see these as valid arguments any more the way I once might have. Back in the '40s young listeners like myself (yes, Virginia, even I was young once) were plenty lucky to get up to Tanglewood, or even to Lewisohn Stadium, to hear music, *any* music, because it was otherwise inaccessible to us; records were expensive and good-music radio stations were few. Now that is no longer the case, because we can hear the bulk of the repertory easily at home, under much better acoustical conditions for the most part than prevail outdoors.

The real problem confronting summer festivals goes much deeper, and it engages part of the general malaise in the orchestral world today. When men like Koussevitzky were actively constructing the image of the American music festival, turning places like Tanglewood into Western-Hemisphere counterparts of Salzburg, they had conserved enough energy during the winter to enable them to do different things in the summer. Koussevitzky and his colleagues conducted maybe 18 programs a winter season, each given twice. The work load has increased enormously since that time, with the obvious result that men like Leinsdorf and Ormandy no longer have the time, or presumably the energy, to prepare challenging new scores in the summer. This is a genuine problem; the conductors are suffering from it and make

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"... His choreography is deeply expressive of modern life ..."

(continued from page 50) is no longer in control. He alternately pits his energy against the nameless forces around him, and submits to them while gathering courage for another bout. These works are more tightly choreographed and take place in settings of planned menace, like the merciless light glaring down on a bare, lonely stage in *Winterbranch*, and the subterranean chamber of *Place*, shut in by grubby-white gratings with old newspapers blown against them.

The movement in these works is tense and spasmodic. The body is closed, contracted, fractured into terrible angles. There is a series of slow, controlled falls in *Winterbranch*, where the dancers defy gravity until the very moment they touch the floor. In *RainForest*, they try to play in an oversophisticated world where the "forest" is only a thicket of silver plastic pillows and the animal calls they hear come from the throat of a machine. The dancers crawl on the floor, their hands are inarticulate, they butt the pillows with their heads, they twine around each other, but after all they remain human beings

trying to be animals.

Cunningham uses the dancers to support each other, but it is not always easy to tell whether they are locked in combat or embrace. In *Winterbranch* and *Place* they rush at each other, struggle, achieve a moment of balance, and ricochet apart. At one point in *Place*, they cross the stage slowly in a tight group, moving one at a time, avoiding contact, but always bound together, like a crowd on a subway.

Cunningham himself is prime mover in *Place*, an unquenchable ego absurdly struggling to effect some change. He rearranges the scenery, sets the dancers in motion, dances out his own frustrations on legs that give way under him, jumps up again to punch at the shadows. Finally, earthbound but still rebelling, he rolls on the floor in a plastic sack, a cocoon, or a giant condom, kicking and flailing his way across the stage and out through the gratings to another ominous place.

Cunningham portrays the common man as hero, beset but indestructible, in *Colage III* and *Untitled Solo*. In the latter piece he uses the persecuted, almost psy-

chotic movements of fear. He focusses all-most entirely on the area directly in front of him; he raises and lowers his gaze, but doesn't glance behind or to the sides, as if he were afraid of taking his attention for a moment from the main threat. His hands make nervous clenching movements, his body retreats or sidesteps but the danger is always there in front of him, he leaps from the floor as if it were hot, and he falls on his back, spreading his limbs as if he were being flattened by a huge rolling pin. He stands facing the audience and in one sudden convulsion of fright his entire body folds forward and the curtain falls.

John Cage, who often acts as literary spokesman for Cunningham, has said many times that these dances are not "saying something." Nevertheless, this choreography, together with its ostensibly unrelated music and decor, is deeply expressive of modern life. I like to think of Merce Cunningham in the metaphor of John Cage sound that ended *Final Dances* this time: a man intoning, "This is high fidelity," a yawn, and a few bars of a swinging clarinet. High fidelity indeed! ■

"... Lincoln Center's bash is exactly what a festival should be ..."

(continued from page 51) no secret of the fact, and the audiences are now suffering as well. And as you look over the programs of the newer festivals that are joining the scene—the Cleveland Orchestra's new Blossom Music Festival, for example—you see the same dreary scene reduplicated. It doesn't even seem to be a peculiarly American phenomenon, either, judging from what the London Symphony is offering when it comes to Florida next month.

Obviously it has become impossible to expect that a festival run as an adjunct of one single performing body, especially a symphony orchestra, is going to be able to offer much in the way of genuine festive excitement. Perhaps it is unrealistic to expect that it should—except that Tanglewood was once a different place from what it has become. But it appears that what a festival requires in order to live up to its name is sponsorship outside of a performing body itself, a management that brings things together from a number of sources, with some over-all sense of direction.

Such a sponsorship does exist at Tanglewood, of course, where the Fromm Foundation holds a beachhead and puts on each summer a series of contemporary-music concerts of high caliber, related to other Tanglewood programs only geographically. But having new music concerts as neighbors doesn't make the Boston Symphony any more progressive in itself; that can only happen when its own programs begin to show an awareness of what lies beyond the masterwork-of-the-month category.

Such an event is about to begin right at our doorstep, as Lincoln Center's Festival 1968 opens on June 22 with a short visit from the Rome Opera. Certainly, that visit in itself is festive on an almost mind-blowing level. When was the last time you heard Verdi's *I Due Foscari* (one of his early, broadly swinging, blood-'n'-guts pieces based on a Schiller play)? Or Rossini's *Otello*, a creamy, gorgeous, *bel canto* setting of the Shakespeare play certainly not up to Verdi's but full of haunting melodic goods? Or, for that matter, a really inventive, integrated performance of Mozart's *Figaro*, such as that by Luchino Visconti surely ought to be?

All in all, the Lincoln Center event is exactly what a festival ought to be, probably the nearest American counterpart yet achieved to Edinburgh. The orchestral programs, at least those by the three American ensembles involved, are strong, full of new pieces and well-balanced; the Boston Symphony's program (Stravinsky-Dallapiccola-Bartok-Ginastera) is on a far higher level of interest than any of its Tanglewood concerts. The Royal Philharmonic will supply a few chestnuts. Chamber concerts, recitals, drama events and poetry fill in around the edges; if you know it only from the film, you should also plan to experience the atmosphere of *West Side Story* live during its run at the State Theatre.

Not far away from Manhattan—40 miles or so—another festival worthy of its name deserves any attention you can spare, and that is Lucie Rosen's Caramoor

Festival that begins this weekend and runs on for four more. If the Lincoln Center event brings Edinburgh to these shores, Mrs. Rosen's is more an attempt to recreate the sophisticated civilization of Glyndebourne on a piece of real-estate heaven in Westchester. Monteverdi's *Coronation of Poppea* will be given twice in the first professional staging it has had in this area; it is a stupendous, poignant operatic masterpiece now 325 years old and unbelievably powerful; the gorgeous Jacqueline du Pré will play her cello in the only setting I know of that deserves the beauty of her person and art; chamber music and songs will fill the air on other nights. There is something addictive about the combination of sights and sounds at Caramoor; once there, you are hooked.

There are reasons enough to remain at home for music this summer, or part of it at any rate. There are others. It is no sin to spend an evening in the city's parks for the Metropolitan Opera's summer concert-performances now in progress; bad amplification and not-always-top casts in not-very-scenic productions are outweighed mightily by the sense of communion that goes on between the prevailingly young audiences and the performances that somehow do reach them. It is the same intangible that works at Tanglewood and Saratoga, and makes their programs of chestnuts at least agreeable if not enlightening. But the Met programs are, after all, free and you don't have to fight the highways to get to them. That makes a difference. ■

Bones Without Marrow

By Harold Clurman

“... Many new plays grin, grimace and grind at the emptiness of our lives, but they aren't only *about* emptiness: they *are* empty...”

With the production of Frank Gilroy's *The Only Game in Town* the 1967-68 season comes officially to its close.

Woven into the play's "True Story" fabric one may discern a theme. Joe Grady, a young pianist who regards himself as a loser, works in an inconspicuous Las Vegas joint. He meets Fran Walker, a dancer at a night club. Her father abandoned her as a child. It may be that for these reasons both the man and girl are shy of the commitments of love and more particularly of marriage. Lonely and attracted to one another, they have an affair.

Joe begins to gamble but loses after his most extraordinary winning streaks. He wants to lose because the most modest degree of affluence may tempt him to settle down in a permanent relationship with Fran. When Fran who has had a long-standing but intermittent liaison with a wealthy businessman is offered the opportunity of marrying him (he has just won a divorce) she rejects it.

Joe finally wins enough money gambling to begin a less humble career. He offers to marry Fran. He is willing to admit that he loves her and must accept the responsibility and the permanent hazards which love and marriage impose. These constitute "the only game in town."

What is thematically involved in this is the supposedly typical present-day fear and flight from the trap of love. But the play's characterizations are so slight, the writing, though pleasant enough, so glib that the theme is reduced to the level of soap opera.

Perhaps more could have been done with the material—after all Gilroy is the author of the bitterly poignant *Who'll Save the Ploughboy?* and the decently sentimental *The Subject Was Roses*—but the direction and acting of his new play while entirely agreeable (Tammy Grimes and Barry Nelson are attractive players)—aspire to Neil Simon slickness and speed with little emotional underpinnings.

My hesitant surmise about the play's possibilities somehow brings to mind another kind of play that numerous young



people write nowadays which is both more interesting and more frustrating. I refer to the plays which grin, grimace and grind away at the emptiness of our lives. These plays, apart from the occasional novelty of their scenic vocabulary or form, are frequently fascinating (Sam Shepard's *Red Cross* and some of the items of *Collision Course* are recent examples) but what is maddening about them is that they are not only about emptiness but they are themselves rather empty. They are afflicted with some of the sickness they exorcise. The patient welcomes and enjoys his illness.

To say this is not to deny their talent. Nor do I fail to recognize the validity of their disillusionment and sense of horror at many aspects of contemporary civilization: particularly its lack of feeling combined with moral hypocrisy, its deep-seated complacency as long as the larder is full. But there is a difference between jarring and hurt, between geying and indignation, between cynicism and anger.

Many of Chekhov's characters are stupid and sometimes callous. His plays verge at times on the desperately sorrowful and their laughter is the comedy of heartbreak but everything in them which is negative or depressing arises from so tender a regard for humanity that they fill us with a deep satisfaction. The most astringent of all living playwrights, Samuel Beckett,

still conveys a soul-searing experience of life in which scrupulousness of thought and ascetic discipline of craftsmanship make a statement of severe dignity.

With many of the cutups, spitfires, helions and imps among our young new dramatists one feels that their scornful japes and stink bombs are all too easily employed. They have not paid the price in the trial of living and the hard labor of artisanship to earn the right to the unpleasant clamor of their protests. Their work is still far too thin.

Neither their youth nor the threat of extinction by atomic warfare quite excuses or explains their state. It has something to do, I venture to believe, with a condition from which society everywhere suffers but nowhere more virulently than with us. We have lost (or are deprived of) direct physical, sensory contact with each other and the natural facts of life.

No wonder then that there are therapists who recommend cures by prolonged bodily pressure and group hugs to the point of pain on disturbed persons. The so-called sexual revolution, the love-ins, the be-ins are hysterical antidotes to our ever-increasing estrangement from each other and even from ourselves—antidotes which are further symptoms of our dis temper rather than remedies. By themselves they will not work: sexual freedom or abandon do not suffice because they are themselves debilitated by their isolation from a humanly integrated social context.

How then can we produce an art of true marrow, of nutritive substance? We hold in our hands only the instruments and simulacra of a full life, not the intimate knowledge of its wholeness. Our extravagances and outbursts of violence are signs of a wild reaching and groping for something on which to get a sure grip that may sustain us. Our arts and particularly our theatre show that we are still far from the goal. At best we only proclaim and rail at our deficiencies. Like Beckett's derelicts we are waiting. But man is finally as sturdy and durable as he is vulnerable and deciduous. Change is already in the air. ■

Home Run

By Dick Schaap

Once, at one of those crowded New York literary parties, a mutual friend introduced me to Bernard Malamud, whose work I greatly admired. I promptly told Malamud how much I liked his short stories and his novels. "But," I said, "as a former sports-writer, I always had some questions about *The Natural*."

As a matter of fact, I had violently disliked Malamud's baseball novel, his first novel. I had thought that if Malamud meant *The Natural* as a parody of baseball, with its pivotal incidents lifted from the lives of Shoeless Joe Jackson and Eddie Waitkus, then it was fairly funny. But he had intended it to be a serious book, a metaphysical novel, and I had found it totally unconvincing.

"Obviously," said Malamud, "you didn't understand it."

"Maybe I didn't," I confessed.

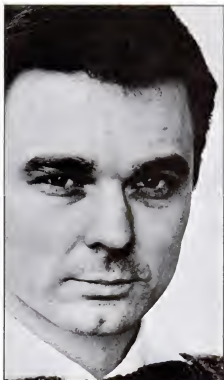
"You see," said Malamud, "it's the telling of the story of Sir Percival in modern terms."

"Oh," I said.

At that moment, Theodor Reik entered the room. "Excuse me," said Malamud. "There's Dr. Reik. If you have any more questions, please let me know." He spun and walked away.

Ever since, I have been almost unnaturally suspicious of a serious book touching upon sports. I have enjoyed Mark Harris's novels, particularly *Bang the Drums Slowly*, and I have enjoyed certain non-fiction, particularly George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*. But I have been wary of any book openly using sports to transcend the subject, particularly books by authors who, outside the field themselves, approach sports with a blend of awe and condescension. I was beginning to fear that the framework of competitive sports could not comfortably support a cosmic theme.

But now a 36-year-old University of Iowa professor named Robert Coover has written a novel, to be published this week, called *The Universal Baseball Association, J. Henry Waugh, Prop.*, and I can stop worrying. I am fairly certain that I do not understand all of it, but the book works for both the sports fan and the word fan. You don't have to know a thing about baseball to appreciate *The Universal Baseball Association*, but if you know everything about baseball, you can still appreciate the book.



Robert Coover, author of "UBALJHWP"

In simplest terms, *The Universal Baseball Association* is about an accountant named J. Henry Waugh who has, by devising the most intricate series of charts, invented a baseball game played with dice. Besides the game, he has invented hundreds of players (complete with biographies), eight full teams and an entire league. Waugh has created a whole world of baseball, so detailed that, at the end of each season played in his rented room, he must roll the dice to find out which of his aging players live, and which ones die.

Waugh is obsessed by his game; the players he has spawned are real to him and, ultimately, to the reader. He ignores his job, ignores his meals and ignores his few friends (a B-girl and a fellow accountant) to concentrate upon the game. The central dramatic event, concerning a player named Damon Rutherford (Waugh must invent dozens of new names and new biographies each season to fit the league's rookies), is terrifyingly vivid, terrifyingly credible, constructed with masterful suspense.

The novel is not about a "real" baseball

game, and it is not really about baseball. Structurally, it is patterned upon the Book of Genesis; it is the story of creation, and the name of the title character contains the Tetragrammaton JHWH, the Hebrew word—never pronounced—for God. This is the deepest level of the novel; on another level, the book reflects the mystical content of American life.

The Universal Baseball Association is Robert Coover's second novel. His first, *The Origin of the Brunists*, about a mine disaster, won the William Faulkner Prize for the best first novel of 1966. Coover is from Herrin, Illinois, attended Southern Illinois University, Indiana University and the University of Chicago. He was president of the student body at Southern Illinois when Dick Gregory was running on the track team and when the school changed its nickname to the Salukis and began to build itself into an intercollegiate athletic power.

As a youngster, Coover listened to broadcasts of the St. Louis Cardinals and, with his friends, played All-Star Baseball, a popular and realistic game utilizing a spinner and disks bearing the names of real major-league baseball players, from Sibby Sisti to Ted Williams. "We'd become dissatisfied with the real names of the players," Coover recalls, "and invent our own."

Coover's imaginative gifts have persisted. Besides *The Universal Baseball Association*, he has explored the mystical element of sports in a short story, not yet published, called *Macbeth on the Mound*, an examination of the man who pitched to Casey at the bat. "The poem never discusses the pitcher," Coover says, "so I've taken a look at him. He's got to strike Casey out—he knows that—but he doesn't really want to."

Coover has also completed a novella, to be featured in an upcoming issue of *The New American Review*, called *The Cat in the Hat for President*. A copy of the manuscript has gone to Dr. Seuss, and if the good doctor is amused, he will probably illustrate the book for publication by Random House. Coover doubts that he will ever write about baseball again (he wrote *The Universal Baseball Association*, incidentally, while living in a Spanish monastery town), but he doesn't have to. He has already served the game. ■

Diamond Doublethink

By Heywood Hale Broun

“... Deep thinkers find their structure in science; Henry finds it in baseball, with an imagination inspired and schizoid. . .”

The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop; by Robert Coover. Random House. 242 pages. \$4.95.

“Let me here remind you,” reminds Alfred North Whitehead, “that the essence of dramatic tragedy is not unhappiness. It resides in the solemnity of the remorseless working of things.”

Whitehead and his cronies, sitting around with pipes and glasses of sherry solemnly contemplating the crystalline perfection of the laws of physics, didn't know how lucky they were. Things which are remorseless are at least always going in an ordered and predictable direction.

The deep thinkers found their structure in science and a lot of the rest of us found it in baseball. The evening paper, the comma between a pointless day and a shapeless night, gave us the hard certainties of the line scores and told us whether we should look for and savor the details of victory in the morning or hurry through breakfast on the disasters of the front page. The atoms, controlled by the laws of physics, whirled in their patterns, unaware that soon they would be flying wildly and destructively across a desert landscape, and the Giants played the Dodgers 22 times a year, eleven times in the dramatically distorted confines of the Polo Grounds and eleven times in the volcano cone of Ebbets Field, unaware that they would take their names but not their traditions and reasons for being to foreign fields for motives as baldly financial as those which impelled the ruler of Hesse to send his soldiers to fight Washington on the fields of New Jersey.

The bewildered fans try to hang on to the structure because it is—or was—there, and still the elevator man whose ups and downs are as inevitable, though less significant, than those of the tides, wears his baseball cap and talks about “us,” and the executive, gloomily aware that his illness would mean far less to his “team” than that of the lowest mopup relief pitcher to his team, talks in the country club about the trades he would make.

Henry Waugh, prop, of the Universal Baseball Association made sure of his structure by creating it himself with dice, probability charts, and an imagination which wavers between the inspired and the schizophrenic. Returning from his days of accountancy to the tables which hold the histories, record books and box scores of the UBA, he carries the precise calculations of his trade into the world of dreams and on into the many worlds of nightmare.

“The hard pressed natural man will not indulge his imagination,” said George Santayana, “unless it poses for truth; and being half aware of this imposition, he is more troubled at the thought of being deceived than at the fact of being mechanized or being bored; and he would wish to escape imagination altogether.”

Escaping from his boring mechanized life Henry Waugh makes his imagination do more than pose for truth. He makes it act with that conviction of truth which sustains great novelists and crazy people. The Universal Baseball Association is more than an elaborate game. It is an elaborate world and sufficiently real at last to have a truth which Henry can no longer control.

There is somehow more than the decree of the dice which are the imponderables of Henry's game, in the beaming and death of Henry's favorite player, the young pitcher Damon Rutherford, Frank Merriwell as told by Jean Paul Sartre, struck down on a kitchen table before thousands of horrified fans.

The working out of the subsequent events takes up more and more of Henry's time and carries him beyond the diamond into the political philosophy of an imaginary society of which the UBA is a part.

If the league reflects some of the preoccupations of the society which contains Henry, it is interesting to look back at the sports fiction of our fathers, or, if we are old enough, of our own youth.

“Class” sports fiction, when I was a boy, often let the hero lose a couple of times, sometimes even the big one. What he got out of losing was an accretion of “character,” a dividend of “sportsmanship” which led to his getting the girl or a better

job. The upper-middle-class reader, comfortably layered with dross, the prosperous man's name for the rewards of victory, enjoyed the feeling that for his sort there really wasn't any such thing as losing.

Popular sports fiction preached briskly the message of “The team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten,” that the poor boy who kept in shape, practiced hitting or throwing curve balls, and gave his all, could inevitably rise to the cleanup spot in the order, or the mound in the World Series.

“You know how many times rascals have tried to get the best of me and what's happened to them,” said Baseball Joe Matson to his chum Jim Barclay. “They've doped my coffee, they've tried to kidnap me, to smirch my reputation, and more than once they've tried to cripple or kill me. But they've never been able to put it over, and I've come out on top every time.”

Well, the world has changed a good deal, and figuring Joe's age from the date in front of Lester Chadwick's *Baseball Joe Saving the League*, I imagine that old Mr. Matson is working in the Ronald Reagan campaign and doing a lot of snarling about long haircuts and beads.

Nowadays sports fiction sometimes takes its notion from Thucydides and feels that no one wins. It is hard to imagine a Baseball Joe book starting with a quotation from Kant as this book does, but then it's hard to imagine anyone except S. J. Perelman reading a Baseball Joe book any more.

The Universal Baseball Association, Inc. J. Henry Waugh, Prop. is a fascinating, sometimes confusing book, about a fascinating, sometimes confusing world. In it, the playing of the game is the reason for the game, and the only reason, all reason ending with the game's end. At that point, of course, another game must be begun.

The underpinnings of baseball and its world seem shaky these days but the elevator man, the gloomy executive, I, and Mr. Waugh would all hate to lose the marching columns of figures which, though they may have no meaning, have such a comfortably discernible structure. ■

TV AND FM WEEK

Movies

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

- 9:00 a.m. (7) **Almost a Bride**, Shirley Temple David Niven. Hooray little romantic comedy. '49
- 9:30 (5) **Double: 1. The Gay Sisters**, Barbara Stanwyck, Gong Young. Three sisters are co-heiresses and not fond of each other. Guess what happens. '2
- 1:30 p.m. (11) **Gas House Kids in Hollywood**. A gasser. '47
- 4:00 (9) **Tripoli**, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne. For Marines only. '50
- 4:30 (4) **Slave Girl**, Yvonne DeCarlo, Brod Crawford. Dusty old pasha poop. '47
- 4:30 (7) **The Student Prince**, Edmund Purdom, Ann Blyth, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, where art thou! '54
- 9:00 (2) **Stolen Hours**, Susan Hayward, Michael Creig. '63 (Editor's Tip—there's a good murder mystery play starting on Ch. 13 right now.)
- 10:30 (11) **The Bridge of San Luis Rey**, Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer. It falls, and there are flashbacks of those crossing it. Interesting. '44
- 11:00 (9) **A Bomb for a Dictator**, Pierre Fresnay, Michel Auclair. '60
- 11:30 (2) **Damn Citizens**, Keith Andes, Maggie Hayes. Dumb cinema. '58
- 1:05 a.m. (7) **Comanche Station**, Randolph Scott. Dusty western. '59
- 1:15 (4) **The Purple Heart**, Dana Andrews, Farley Granger. Eight American fliers in Japan are captured and tried for murder.
- 1:20 (2) **Tarzan's Greatest Adventure**, Gordon Scott. Something to look down on.
- 3:05 (2) **Dial 1119**, Marshall Thompson. Sorry, wrong number, and you woke us up, dammit! '50
- 4:35 (2) **Apache Territory**, Rory Calhoun. Stale as an old knish. '58

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

- 9:30 a.m. (9) **Crazy House**, Olsen and Johnson. Pre-psychadelic. '43
- 11:00 (9) **Fury at Smugglers Bay**, Peter Cushing. British pirate stuff. '63



Raymond Burr of "Ironside" with his sidekick and helpful comrade Don Mitchell.

- 12:30 p.m. (5) **Fighting Fools** with those forsh-luggineh East Side Kids. '49
- 2:00 (11) **The Renegade Satellite**, Richard Crane. Siesta time. '54
- 2:30 (7) **Tank Commandos**, Robert Barron. Forget it. '59
- 3:00 (5) **Command Decision**, Clark Gable. WW II. '49
- 5:00 (2) **Earth vs. the Flying Saucers**, Hugh Marlowe. Odds are 3 to 1 on earth. '56
- 5:30 (9) **Fury at Smugglers Bay**, Peter Cushing. Whet! Again? '63
- 8:00 (9) **Hangover Square**, Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders. Nice, moody, bloody, good, exciting mystery. '45
- 9:00 (4) **Prescription—Murder**, Peter Falk, Gene Barry. About a noble Pat O'Brien-type detective. '67
- 9:30 (8) **Michael Shayne, Private Detective**, Lloyd Nolan. A rotten shayne, that's what it is. '41
- 11:00 (3) **Pearl of the South Pacific**, Dennis Morgan, Virginia Mayo. Island paradise full of dying natives, gaudy white men, beautiful tramp. Dullesville. '55
- 11:30 (2) **Battle Hyman**, Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer. True story of a conscientious objector in pre-draft card-burning days. (Editor's Tip: Before you turn this on, see what Ch. 4 has!) '57
- 11:30 (4) **Children of Paradise**, Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur. Marcel Carné's magnificent French classic about an unrequited love affair. (to 2:50 a.m. so maybe they won't spoil it by too much dipping)
- 12:30 (7) **The Spiral Road**, Rock Hudson, Gena Rowlands. A trip to Birth Control Land! '62 (Better watch Ch. 4—they gotta good one tonight.)
- 1:40 a.m. (2) **Weekend with Father**, Van Heflin. The plot dissolves. '52
- 2:10 (7) **The Queen of Sheba**, Gina Cervi, Marina Bert. Dubbed, dull, dilapidated, dreary. Snoresville. '53
- 3:00 (2) **Hold Back Tomorrow**, John Agar. Clio Moore. Newspaper reporter misses deadline? '56
- 4:00 (2) **One-Way Street**, James Mason, Marta Toren. Waste of talent and your time. '50

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

- 11:00 a.m. (9) **Fury at Smugglers Bay**. In case you missed it, you can miss it again, now. '63
- Noon (5) **Blonde Dynamite**, the Bowery Boys. Worse than usual. '60
- 1:00 p.m. (2) **Kim**, Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell. Kipling's tale of a little white boy who grows up as a Hindu. Excellent. '51
- 1:00 (5) **Incendiary Blonde**, Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova. Berry Fitzgerald. The nearer she gets, the warmer he gets. Tex Guinan bio. '45
- 2:00 (7) **Coriolanus**, Gordon Scott, Alberto Lupu. Dubbed spectacular. '62
- 3:00 (5) **Lucky Me**, Doris Day, Robert Cummings. Musical comedy better left unwatched. '64
- 6:00 (5) **The Emperor Waltz**, Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine. Nice Vienna-set comedy. '49
- 6:00 (7) **Sky Above Heaven**, Andre Smaghe. Dubbed sci-fi with about a \$300-looking budget. Spare yourself. '65
- 8:00 (5) **White Sister**, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable. Young girl (Helen Hayes) is supposed to marry an older man, but she falls in love with a dashing soldier who goes off to war. '33
- 9:00 (7) **Moll Flanders**, Kim Novak, Richard Johnson. Less than mediocre version of a brilliant Gothic tale. '65
- 11:00 (9) **Aku Aku**, Thor Heyerdahl returns to the Southeast Pacific to explore the mysteries of Easter Island. '59
- 11:30 (2) **Father Is a Bachelor**, William Holden, Coleen Gray. And Mother is a masochist. '50
- 12:00 (7) **The Prodigal**, Edmund Purdom, Lana Turner. The Bible revisited and rewritten. '55

- 1:15 a.m. (2) **Pandora and the Flying Dutchman**, James Mason, Ava Gardner. A beautiful woman falls in love with a mysterious artist. '51
- 3:10 (2) **Enter Arene Lupin**, Charles Korvin, Ella Raines. This is the Lupin one that's not so good, alas. '44
- 4:35 (2) **Indian Uprising**, George Montgomery. Another mean-to-the-poor-red-man Western. '52

MONDAY, JUNE 17

- 9:00 a.m. (7) **Young Man with Ideas**, Glenn Ford, Ruth Roman. A pleasant enough way to start the day. '52
- 9:30 (5) **Double: 1. Undercurrent**, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor. Another one about a girl who marries a man and slowly starts to suspect his sanity. '46 2. **On Dress Parade**, the Dead End Kids go to military school. Won't do 'em any good. '39
- 1:00 p.m. (11) **The Divorce of Lady X**, Merle Oberon, Lawrence Olivier. Sophisticated end amusing. '38
- 4:00 (9) **A Girl Against Napoleon**, Serite Montiel, Maurice Ronet. Big deal. '60
- 4:30 (7) **Phone Call from a Stranger**, Gary Merrill, Bette Davis, Shelley Winters. Quine good sooper about the lone survivor of a plane crash who contacts friends and relatives of the victims. '52
- 8:00 (9) **Flying Leathernecks**, John Wayne. The Duke's a strict disciplinarian to his squadron. '51
- 10:30 (11) **Adventures of Casanova**, Arturo de Cordova, Turhan Bey. The lover comes to the aid of his country when it's in the grips of tyrants. '47
- 11:00 (9) **Mr. Deeds Goes to Town**, Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. A millionaire is the target for every con man and con girl in town. '36
- 11:30 (2) **The Crowded Sky**, Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming. Grand Hotel overhead. '60
- 1:05 a.m. (7) **Murder at 45 RPM**, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Auclair. Dubbed mystery with a lot of red herrings strewn around. '61
- 1:40 (2) **For Heaven's Sake**, Clifton Webb, Joan Bennett. Angels come down to watch goings-on and stuff. Sickening. Yee-ee-ee. '50
- 3:25 (2) **Teresa**, Pier Angeli, John Ericson. Post-war adjustment of an American soldier and his Italian bride. Excellent. '51



Brock Peters and Barbara Bain of everybody's favorite series, "Mission: Impossible."



Frank Converse and Robert Hooks are detectives on *N.Y.P.D.*, Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

- 9:00 a.m. (7) I'll Never Forget You.** Tyrone Power, Ann Blyth. Wanna bet? '51
- 9:30 (5) Double: 1. Escape in the Desert.** Philip Dorn. A very much downgraded "Petrified Forest," with a few Nazis thrown in for bad measure. '45 2. **Four Wives.** Lane sisters. For the birds. '39
- 1:00 p.m. (11) The Tender Years.** Joe E. Brown, Josephine Hutchinson. '48
- 3:30 (9) Quiet Please, Murder.** George Sanders, Gail Patrick. Murder at the public library. '43
- 4:40 (4) Blackboard Jungle.** Glenn Ford. Things to come. '55
- 4:50 (7) Two Weeks with Love.** Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban, and a young delightful Debbie Reynolds. Musical comedy in the Catskills. '50
- 8:30 (4) The Pink Panther.** Peter Sellers. Fun and fumbling on the Riviera with Inspector Clouseau. '64
- 10:30 (11) Psychomania.** Lee Philips. Murder on the campus. Terrible. '64
- 11:00 (8) The Yellow Canary.** Anna Neagle, Richard Greene. Good spy stuff. '44
- 11:30 (2) Drango.** Jeff Chandler, Joanne Dru. Civil War. '57
- 1:05 a.m. (7) Tobor the Great.** Charles Drake. Science affliction. '64
- 1:15 (4) Pickwick Papers.** James Hayter. '54
- 1:25 (2) Scandal at Scouries.** Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Child adoption tear jerker. Bring towel. '53
- 3:10 (2) Ride Lonesome.** Randolph Scott. Cowboy doesn't believe in ketchup. '59
- 4:25 (2) Spy Hunt.** Howard Duff. Panthers escape a deranged train, carrying in their collars secret microfilm. '50

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

- 9:00 a.m. (7) Actors and Sin.** Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt. Two stories by Ben Hecht. Very good. '53
- 9:30 (5) Double: 1. Donovan's Brain.** Lew Ayres. '53 2. **Above Us the Waves.** John Mills. Operation to destroy German battleship. '56
- 1:00 p.m. (11) Red Stalion.** Robert Paige. Raring to go. '47
- 4:00 (8) Good Girl Go To Paris.** Melvyn Douglas, Joan Blondell. Pourquoi? '39
- 4:30 (4) Golden Boy.** William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck. '39
- 4:50 (7) The Devil and Miss Jones.** Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings. She had a little of the devil in her. '41

- 11:00 (9) The Foxes of Herrow.** Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara. An adventurer in 1820 New Orleans. '47
- 11:00 (11) The Bandit.** Anna Magnani, Carlo Campanini. Dubbed and dull. '50
- 11:30 (2) Hilda Crane.** Jean Simmons, Guy Madison. Twice divorced, double loser lady evaluates her assets. '56
- 1:05 a.m. (7) The Rebel Son of Taras Bulba.** Harry Bauer. Son leads sit-in at Pinsk U. '39
- 1:20 (2) Hold Back the Night.** John Payne. Lovers find motel booked solid. '56
- 2:55 (2) The Golden Horde.** Ann Blyth, Richard Egan. Asian princess loves English crusader. Trail. '51
- 4:25 (2) It Happens Every Thursday.** Loretta Young, John Forsythe. '53

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

- 9:00 a.m. (7) Model and the Marriage Broker.** Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady. Ye-ah-ch. '52
- 9:30 a.m. (5) Double: 1. His Majesty O'Keefe.** Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice. Toothy. '54 2. **The Clock.** Judy Garland, Robert Walker. Soldier on 48-hour leave, meets a girl, loses her in a crowd. '45
- 1:00 p.m. (11) The Spy in Black.** Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson. WWI sub story. '39
- 4:00 (8) Cafe Metropole.** Loretta Young, Tyrone Power. American heiress meets solid-diamond Russian prince at a Paris cafe. '37
- 4:30 (7) Diane.** Lana Turner, Roger Moore. Intrigue in the French court of Henry II. '56
- 8:00 (9) The Battle of the Sexes.** Robert Morley, Constance Cummings. Very funny satire based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." '60
- 9:00 (2) Call Me Bwana.** Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg. Moon capsule lands in Africa. '63
- 10:30 (11) Rembrandt.** Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence. '36
- 11:00 (9) Somewhere in the Night.** John Hodiak, Amessec. '48
- 11:30 (2) The Two-Headed Spy.** Jack Hawkins, Gia Scala. Great, exciting chase film. '59
- 1:05 a.m. (7) See of Lost Ships.** John Derek. Rotten. '54
- 1:25 (2) Belle of New York.** Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen. Stage-door Johnny cruises a mission singer. '52
- 3:00 (2) Edge of Hell.** Hugo Haas. Skirt it; dreadful film. '56
- 4:30 (2) Cattle Drive.** Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell. Tough cowboy is Big Brother to a spoiled lad. '51



Michael Link and Marc Copage co-star in "Julia," an upcoming comedy series.



Paul Revere and James Brown on "Happening '68", Saturday, 1:30 p.m. on Channel 7.

TV Highlights

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

- 8:30 p.m. (4) The Art Game.** Special exploring the various ways of making money in art, and the many ways of losing it.
- 9:00 (13) NET Playhouse:** "Trapped." George Simonson's play concerning people who stand alone against fate, isolated from mankind by an act of violence.
- 10:00 (4) American Profile—Music from the Land.** Eddy Arnold narrates a documentary on the history of country music and its growth into its current status as a multi-million-dollar enterprise and a tuneless American export. (R)
- 10:00 (13) Newfront:** Special political discussion by three contenders for the Democratic Senatorial nomination—Nickerson, O'Dwyer and Resneck.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

- 3:00 p.m. (2) Repertoire Workshop** (Season Premiere): "Here Comes the Interesting Part," play by Stuart Kaminsky focusing on an amateurish robbery attempt, with Kurt Garfield, George Gattin, Estelle Omens and Chase Benedict
- 8:30 (11) Miss New York Stets for Miss World:** Beauty pageant. Have yourself a laugh.
- 11:30 (4) Movie:** "Les Enfants du Paradis," a Marcel Carne classic.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

- 10:00 p.m. (8) Firing Line** with William Buckley: Melville Lasky and the host discuss "The Anti-Communist Left."
- 10:30 (5) Mayor Lindsay** answers questions from the studio audience.

MONDAY, JUNE 17

- 9:00 p.m. (4) National College** Eugene Pegeant: Mike Douglas is host.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

- 8:30 p.m. (2) Showtime:** Liberate is host to Marian Montgomery, Dave King, Nina and Frederic, some acrobats, pantomimist and a double-talk comic.
- 10:00 (2) CBS Report:** "The Business of Religion," a study of America's churches, their income and prop-

erty and the growing controversy over whether their holdings should be subject to disclosure and some form of taxation.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

9:30 p.m. (7) Gilbert Baeod Special: Franch singer is host to international stars Lill Lindfors, Joo Gilberto, Hans Koller, Inge Bruck and the Gunter Kallman Chorus.

9:00 (7) Die! 'M' for Murdar, with Laurence Harvey, Diana Clinto and Hugh O'Brian in a drama based on the play and movie by Frederick Knott. (R)

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

10 p.m. (4) The Goldiggers (Premiere): Variety based on tunes and events of the '30's starring Joey Heatherton, Frank Sinatra Jr., Shacky Greene, with guest Paul Lynde. Music by Les Brown.

Sports

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

8:00 p.m. (7) Golf: U.S. Open Tournament: At Rochester—taped highlights of the first two rounds.
8:00 (9) Baseball: San Francisco Giants at Shea Stadium.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

2:10 p.m. (9) Baseball: New York Mets vs. San Francisco Giants.

4:00 (7) Golf: U.S. Open Tournament: At Rochester—live coverage of third round of play.

4:30 (2) Racing at Belmont: The Bowling Green, \$50,000 added.

5:00 (11) Soccer: N.Y. Generals at Washington Whips.

9:00 (11) Baseball: New York Yankees at Oakland Athletics. (Don't fiddle with the color knob: It's b & w.)

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

1:00 p.m. (9) Baseball: Doubleheader—San Francisco Giants at New York Mets.

3:00 (2) Soccer: Washington Whips vs. Baltimore Bays.

4:00 (7) Golf: U.S. Open Tournament: At Rochester—live coverage of concluding six holes.

4:00 (11) Baseball: New York Yankees at California Angels.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

5:00 p.m. (8) Baseball: Twilight Doubleheader—Houston Astros at New York Mets.



Robert Culp and Bill Cosby of "I Spy." Monday nights on Channel 4 at 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

8:00 p.m. (9) Baseball: Houston Astros at New York Mets.

FM Highlights

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

7:30 p.m. WFUV—Spotlight: John Gialquinto presents the sounds of excitement in pop music.

8:00 WVRV—Chamber Improvisation Ensemble: A group from Wayne State University explores the field of improvisation in concert music.

8:05 WNCN—Musical Genius: Schumann: Toccat, Op. 7 (Horowitz), Songs (Watts, Parsons), String Quartet in A (Droic Quartet).

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

2:07 p.m. WQXR—The Opera: Offenbach: Tales of Hoffman (Los Angeles, Schwarzkopf, Gedda, London). (Stereo)

4:00 WBAI—The Current Marijuana Scene As a Vehicle for the Generation Gap: Dr. Jerry Simmons, Prof. of Sociology at U.C. speaking at the recent National Marijuana Symposium in San Francisco.

7:00 WNYC—Masterwork: Geminiani: Concerto Grosso Op. 3, No. 3. Elgar: Cello Concerto in E minor (Jacqueline Du Pre). Beethoven: Symphony No. 6

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

7:00 p.m. WFUV—Art Song Recital: Sunday Duets for Countertenors (A. and M. Deller)

10:05 WNCN—Concert: Beethoven: Quartet No. 4 in C Minor (Hungarian Quartet), Quartet in A No. 5 (Claremont Quartet).

10:05 WTFM—Opera: Verdi: Rigoletto (Tucker, Capecechi, D'Angelo.)

MONDAY, JUNE 17

7:05 p.m. WNCN—Classics: Gounod: Petite Sinfonia (Northern Sinfonia/Brott), Stravinsky: Apollon Musagete (Czech Chamber Orch./Vlach).

8:45 WBAI—Both Sides of the Bars: David Rothenberg of the Fortune Society moderates a discussion on "Legal Aid in the Courts."

10:07 WQXR—The Age of Baroque: Couperin: Les Fastes de la Grande et Ancienne Menestrandie (Gerlin), Telemann: Canara Cantata (Fischer-Dieskau), Bach: Der Streit Zwischen Phoebus und Pan (Excerpt). (Stereo)

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

6:00 p.m. WFUV—Evening Music: Brahms: Symphony No. 3 (Cleveland Orch./Szell), Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto in C (Campoli; London Symp./Argentina).

10:05 WNCN—The Quintet: Mozart: Quintet in E flat major, K.452, Dohnanyi: Piano Quintet No. 2 in E flat minor.

12:07 WQXR—Midnight Music: Chopin: Fantaisie in F minor (Van Cliburn), Tartin: Violin Concerto in E (Ferre), Haydn: Symphony No. 29. Boccherini: Trio No. 5 in C (Schneiderhan, Swoboda, Benesch).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

7:05 p.m. WNCN—Concert: Stamitz: Trio for Orchestra in C No. 1, Elgar: Enigma Variations, Stamitz: Orchestral Trio in C minor, No. 3.

8:30 WFUV—Shakespeare Festival: "The Tempest," presented by the Marlowe Dramatic Society.

12:07 WQXR—Classics: Mozart: Quartet No. 19 in C. Menu: Symphony No. 1, Franck: Quintet in F minor for Piano and Strings. Brunetti: Symphony in C minor.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

9:00 p.m. WVRV—Discussion: "Where Does the Public School System Fail?" Herbert Kohl, Helen Robinson, Jerry Weiss, Ned O'Gorman and Fernando Nieves.

9:05 WNCN—Chicago Symphony: Lutoslawski: Music Funebre. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7.

11:15 WQXR—Nightcap: Minkus: La Bayadere. Zador: Divertimento for Strings.



Comedian Dick Gregory is a repeater on the Merv Griffin Show, Mon. thru. Fri.

The African Beat

By Patricia Lahrmer



Designer Dinga Miller and her baby, at the Rendesia Mod Shop.

Afro-American shops in New York are mysterious places. You can barely keep up with their openings and closings. If you can recall the name of a shop you passed, you usually can't find the telephone number listed, and the chances are that its hours of opening will be irregular.

There are a number of the stores uptown. The Ujamaa Market, 1979 Seventh Avenue, is run by Oye Ye Mi, who claims he brought the whole awareness of African culture, art and ideas to Manhattan ten years ago. His store is arranged like a Yoruba tribal village, with African music, artifacts and fashion. (Many of the slaves originally brought to America were of the Yoruba tribe of West Africa.) The Ujamaa Market is open from two p.m. to ten p.m. daily; go there, it's an experience.

At the corner of St. Nicholas Avenue and 153rd Street is a little shop called Exotic Somali. It is run by Mrs. Nyemah Hussein, who is herself married to a Somalian, and who creates the shop's specialty, a perfume called "Somali Nights." She also sells African fabrics fashioned into African-style garments; incense burners, and many Somali handicrafts. The shop is open from 11 to 8:30.

Ashanti Bazaar, Seventh Avenue at 132nd Street, is the most recent of the many Afro-American shops which opened this spring. The owners, Sandra and Bill Michaels, sell a variety of traditional African garments, the *dansiki*, a man's shirt; the *buba*, a woman's blouse; and the *gele*, a sort of headwrap for women. All the clothes are handmade, and the shop features some unique combs, designed by the Michaels, to be worn with unstraightened hair. Across the street is the Fly Shop, a tiny store with some lovely original jewelry for sale.

Downtown there is another cluster of Afro-American shops. Nmeguinea, which means "my woman" in Sou Sou language, is one of the best. It's situated at Avenue B at 5th Street, and the difficult name is pronounced "mamaginee." They specialize in authentic African garments made from several contrasting African batik prints.

Just west of there, at Avenue B and 3rd Street, is the Rendesia Mod Shop, run by Perry Cannon, a jewelry maker, who bought the shop six months ago. He sells bright print cotton dresses with cut-outs, designed by Dinga.

Across the street from him, at 196 East 3rd Street, is Mikema, run by Manuel Ashley. The shop is named after three children. Whose children?

"Three children I know. All children are my children," says Mr. Ashley. After what he calls a "life of odd jobs," he's found a place for himself creating and teaching crafts to the neighborhood young people. The slave bracelet in mock copper is a specialty at Mikema. The hours at all these Avenue B boutiques are unpredictable—noon, or two p.m. to as late as 11 at night.

Midtown Manhattan has one successful African boutique, Hazel Blackman's Tree House, at 125 East 47th Street. There the attraction is one-of-a-kind garments, made from hand-woven African fabric, like the kente cloth of Ghana, or the wood block Khanga prints. (In Ghana, each motif on the fabric is a proverb.) The shop really does seem to be in the tree-tops somewhere. Climb to the second floor and you'll find antique stone jewelry, African made; ski jackets, and hostess skirts made of African blankets. These are not so much native garments, as American adaptations, and prices range from \$15 to \$250.

THE ELEVATOR DOESN'T STOP HERE ANY MORE



Damn these summer Mondays—everybody comes to work in sneakers.



Why couldn't he come to my office?



Let 'em laugh. I think it's pretty.



I thought I told you to stay off this floor!



One of these days he's gonna try that line and I'm gonna. . . .

THE HUMAN CARE PACKAGE

There is a man somewhere who has nothing. Maybe you'd like to give him something. Here are some suggestions.

Send him patience. He'll appreciate it for the rest of his life.

Send him understanding. It's something he can use.

Send him kindness. That's something that'll never go out of style.

Send him the one thing only you can give him. Send him you.

The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C.

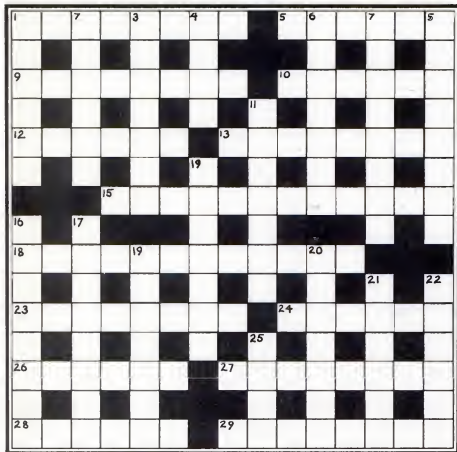


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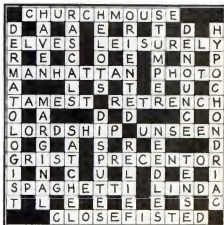


WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to Last Issue's Puzzle



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 One of the commoner destinations to arrive at by flight? (8)
 5 Used by a teacher as eruditely as possible. (6)
 9 It proves wildly frolicsome! (8)
 10 Formal way to give leading player an honour? (6)
 12 Terrible violence—but would you expect it from an artist long? (6)
 13 Great painting of an animal so foolishly presented. (4, 4)
 15 Feminine equivalent of a man of letters? (12)
 18 Holidays on which you get done up? (7, 5)
 23 Gamble involving the wheel of fortune. (8)
 24 Estate of the

DOWN

- 26 Attempt to have a meal inside, as per agreement. (6)
 27 Dud horse hidden in more ways than one! (8)
 28 Frightens off in a rude, terse manner. (6)
 29 From the sound of it tea with shellfish is a very bright suggestion! (8)
 1 International body rues the chaos that makes the outlook so precarious. (6)
 2 Behaves sneakily—turns up clubs! (6)
 3 Merchant who stood to lose a pound in play. (7)
 4 Act like a madman in terms of sheer bravery. (4)
 6 Withdraw pam-

phlet following

- representation of engineers. (7)
 7 So this is how leaves are held back! (8)
 8 Get ready to act. (8)
 11 Is this Devon spot hot? No, in a particular way only. (7)
 14 Gives proof of watching big games? (7)
 16 Its pride makes it full of life. (8)
 17 He was always making use of the staffs of butchers! (8)
 19 A gambler's accessory? (7)
 20 Don't walk with foot trouble in Cheshire. (7)
 21 Wooden shoe? (6)
 22 Dashing young chaps—will they cut you out? (6)
 25 Who's taking part in the performance? (4)

Chop Logic

by Stephen Sondheim (with acknowledgments to Leon of The Listener)

Clues

1. Pace off a point of land (Lb, Eg, Ec, Fb)
2. Give a little act with the French (Bg, Mm, Df, Ff)
3. Soft moo which turns up in the field (Gf, Hf, Ni, Ai)
4. Be picky about fish (Ka, Gn, Db, Jb)
5. See a dreadful calm (Gg, Jf, Cn, Bd)
6. Among the chosen, second sight, for example (Ce, Md, Cl, Jb, Ke)
7. Rush out to a Marilyn Miller musical? (Kl, Mn, Mk, Oc, Eh)
8. Hack the French wire (Lo, Dd, Ab, Jf, Gk)
9. Conquer Yemen? Revealing question (Lk, Ho, Fg, Me, An)
10. Hit hard and maybe harm me (Bj, Kh, Gk, Na, Ja, Fj)
11. Shout "ouch!" like a coward (Hf, Mc, Nf, Km, Af, Ec)
12. What follows thirsty desert caravans might, I hear! (Nh, Kd, Co, Lj, Bc, Am)
13. Doubly good French candy (Oj, Nb, Ga, Ao, Fn, Ac)
14. "Near" means offbeat highways (Hm, Bm, Ff, Be, Ek, Do)
15. Prevent gossip being comic (Kc, Dk, Cb, Mf, Cc, He)
16. Contend with Pope so disrespectfully (Ln, Nj, Hc, Bk, Mi, En)
17. Every year is void without one (Nd, Jn, El, Jc, Bf, De)
18. Apply on exceptionally brilliant dress (On, Lh, Hg, Cf, Ah, Eb, Lg)

Additional Clues

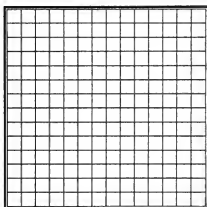
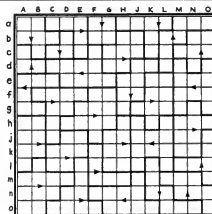
30. Nellie, after backbend, is unsteady on her feet (Hl, Gh, Oj, Kc, Jj, Ck)
31. Kind of music room (Lo, Ag, Mn, Gb, Gj, Bc, Kf)
32. "... undo thy chain, fair flower..." (Dh, Bm, Kk, Lb, Hb, Hg, Jg, Ge)

Instructions: This week there are three puzzles in one. First, Diagram I is to be completed by entering the individual letters of the answer to each clue in accordance with the bilateral indications in parentheses and the direction of the arrows in the Diagram. E.g., Aa refers to the top left-hand corner square and the appropriate letter would be entered upside-down. Each arrow covers a section, the boundaries of which are the heavy bars. Letters in the same section must all be written in the same direction; that is to say, if the arrow points to the right (→), all the letters of that section are to be written as if the top of the Diagram were on the right. (Answers to the second group of clues will help serve as double-checks on the first group.)

19. Festive and got pure, Sir! (Od, Gk, Jk, Mb, Ag, No, Fc)
20. See the laundry? Blarney! (Ed, Ck, Mj, Ef, Cm, Mg, Dh)
21. A string of propositions provided ceremonies (Kk, Gh, Kf, Jo, Jc, Bc)
22. Shut up and run away from the old sailor's wife (Hd, Jd, Gm, Ak, Jj, Fa, Kn, Dg)
23. Miserable sorrow, away with you! (Hl, Ok, Dn, Ej, Kg, Jm, Lc, Da, Ne)
24. When witches ride, everyone gets in the way, even to a poet (Ge, Eo, Ld, Aj, Kj, Nm, Je, Aa, Oj)
25. No longer thoughtful, dear? (Nk, La, Nn, Dj, Cd, Ll, Of, Ad, Oa)
26. Broken harmonics found floating in Manhattan (Mh, Ko, Kb, Le, Og, Fm, Go, Dm, Oe, Ca)
27. No gentleman in one lady's undergarment after another keeps the word of a magician (Ea, Lf, Oo, Fd, Bh, Bl, Ae, Fh, Gj, Fk, Hn)
28. Evidently, jockey digs equestrianism! (Om, Ch, Ba, Ng, Hk, Gb, Ne, Mo, Fo, Lm, Hb, Ha)
29. Marksman sings too high to an owl (Gd, Oh, Bb, Em, Hh, Bn, Cg, De, Ma, Ob, Fe, Df)
33. Court with rather grand center and nearly equal sides (Co, Jc, Ne, Fc, Oo, Le, Cb, Jm, Aj, Dj)
34. Revolutionary record-holder (Hd, Cg, Lc, El, Af, Od, Ba, Be, Nj, Bf)
35. Close to a paper-mix, pulped (Hn, On, Hh, Me, Mm, La, Of, Mh, Eg, Ob, Bd)

Next, solvers are asked to imagine that each section of Diagram I is a piece of a jigsaw puzzle which can be rearranged so as to form a new square: Diagram II, such that all the arrows point in the same direction, namely the top of the page. Solvers should complete Diagram II by inserting both the letters and the thick bars in accordance with the new arrangement; it is not necessary to insert the arrows, since their direction is given.

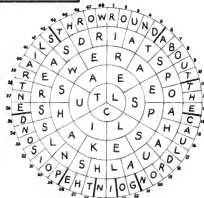
Having properly completed Diagram II, solvers will be able to read a 21 (the only unusual word in the answers) starting at the top row. For their third puzzle, solvers are asked to solve the 21, sending their solution together with the completed Diagrams I and II. In the clues, ignore punctuation, which is designed to confuse.

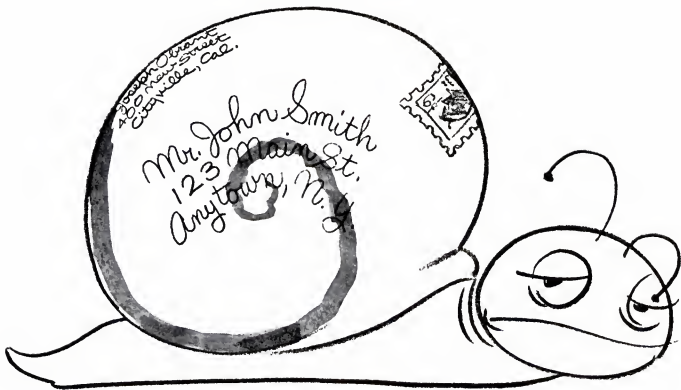


Vicious Circles. Solution & Notes: 1. rüer (hidden) 2. eller (2 mngs.) 3. a-lure 4. lea-R-N. 5. della (2 mngs.) 6. a-late 7. bates (anag.) 8. a-loes (anag.) 9. P-U-le-S. 10. slept (anag.) 11. si-ole 12. h-oles 13. leaps (anag.) 14. claps (2 mngs.) 15. (s)plash 16. p-lush 17. calls (2 mngs.) 18. S-ca-LUN 19. curls (pun) 20. locust(i) 21. lance (2 mngs.) 22. G-lac-E 23. cello 24. cell-I 25. chink (pun) 26. thick (sink, suds) 27. hicks (hidden) 28. i-CK-Es 29. pun-ic-e 30. can-ic 31. iliac (2 mngs.) 32. Salic (2 mngs.) 33. sh-out 34. Hun-T-S. 35. thuds (sink, suds) 36. Shute, shoot 37. runs (anag.) 38. trust, trussed 39. r-U-es 40. sa-U-U. 41. a-wait 42. at-law 43. S-war(e)-S 44. wats (2 mngs.) 45. death (anag.) 46. rated (anag.) (winds, verb) 47. 0-rate 48. wat-E-R.

Send solution and completed diagrams with name and address to Puzzle Editor, New York Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, New York 10016. Entries must be received by June 24, at which time they will be opened. Prizes (copies of Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary, published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., and available at bookstores at \$5.50) for the first three correct solutions opened. Solution and winners will appear in the issue of July 8. (The principles involved in solving these puzzles were printed in the issue of April 8 and will be sent on request.)

Winners of Vicious Circles: Mrs. Richard Winston, New York City; Joan S. Malamud, New York City; Mrs. W. J. Displer, Bronxville.





Snail Mail

**Without ZIP CODE
the growing U.S. Mail load
would move at a snail's pace—
*if it moved at all!***

Like you, the people at the Post Office hate sluggish mail. That's why they created Zip Code! With it, mail is sorted up to 15 times faster—and makes fewer stops along the way to its destination. To get the Zip Codes you need—see the information pages of your phone

book for local Zips, and your Post Office's Zip Code directory for all others, or just call the Post Office. Put a rabbit in your mail—use Zip Code and mail early in the day. Then the Post Office can actually *guarantee* you the fastest possible mail delivery.



Mail moves the country—

ZIP CODE moves the mail!



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for the public good



*It's a revolutionary idea
from the States.*

Another of those, eh?



AMERICA'S

PARLIAMENT

You get the most out of mildness